CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 109,000.

SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

OUR I... CHINA... OFF... SEE FOUR...

VOLUME LIX. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1891. NUMBER ...

Poetry.

TELLIN' WHAT THE BABY DID.

In the cozey twilight hid,
Tellin' what the baby did,
Sits Matilda every night,
'Twixt the darkness and the light.
Tells me in her cutest way
All the history of the day,
Gives me all; leaves nothin' hid,
Tellin' what the baby did.

Beats the whole decline an' fall
Of the Roman Empire. Go!
William Shakespeare never hed
Cuter thoughts than baby said,
An' he hez, to sing his thoughts,
Sweeter words than Isaac Watts.
Tildy, she leaves nothin' hid
Tellin' what the baby did.

Pooty hard schoolmarm is fate
To her scholars, small an' great;
I hev felt upon my han'
Tingle of her sharp rattan;
But she pities our distress,
An' she gives a glad recess
When Matilda sits, half-hid,
Tellin' what the baby did.

Trudge off with my dinner pail
Every mornin' without fail;
Work, with hardly time for breath;
Come home, tired half to death;
But I feel a perfect rest
Settle down upon my breast,
Settlin' by the twilight hid,
Hearin' what the baby did.

Sometimes I cannot resist,
An' I shake my doubled fist
In the face of fate, and swear,
"You don't treat a fellow fair!"
Then, when I go home at night,
My whole system full of fight,
Tildy, she sits there, half-hid,
Tellin' what the baby did.

Then I jest make up with fate
An' my happiness is great;
But if fate should lay its ban'
On that baby, understan',
Through the worl' I'd sulk apart
With red murder in my heart;
If she sat no more half-hid,
Tellin' what the baby did.
—[S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

"NOT COME OUT."

Her sisters to the ball have gone,
And she must sit alone;
For only eighteen summers
This girl hath known.
But, oh, how kind the summers were,
And, oh, how fair!
The light eyes that she hne in her
And glid her hair.

My Cinderella by the fire
At home alone must sit,
But over her the firelight
Is glad to flit.
And, oh, how soft the firelight lies,
And, oh, how fair!
Upon the lashes of her eyes
And on her hair.

And if my Cinderella dreams
About a prince at all,
Her prince is not invited
To grace the ball.
But, oh, how bright his kingdom shows,
And, oh, how fair!
And she has set her prince's rose
Within her hair.

A little firelight smile awakes
The dimple in her chin,
And all her face turns happy,
As I come in.
And, oh, what cares she for the ball,
However fair,
When her true lover's kisses fall
Upon her hair?
—[H. C. Bunner, in Christmas Puck.

THE STOPPING AT THE BROOK.

At last our weary senses know
How quiet are these summer hills;
Our horses, reeking long ago,
Now pause to drink where, cool and low,
The wayside brook its fountain fills.

O grateful pause! wherein we see
No changing in the landscape round,
No shifting of its scenery;
What restful immobility!
The eye has in all objects found!

O grateful pause! wherein we hear,
In calm expansion overall,
The whisper of the pinewood near,
And, lightly in the dancing ear,
The brook among its pebbles fall.

But now each horse has drunk, and he
Whose looks but one desire reveal
Climbs to his seat, and soon we see
The shifting of the scenery
And only hear the rumbling wheel.
—[Ralph H. Shaw, in Good Housekeeping.

Our Story Teller.

TWO NEW YEARS'.

THE first of January had dawned clear and cold, but was closing in a setting of gloom, when Sarah Percival, holding her babe in arms, stood at the window of her sitting room, peering uneasily through the gathering darkness down the road toward the village. As the night came down, and she could no longer see, she turned from the window with a sigh, and tried to amuse the two little ones, who were clamoring for attention. Her heart was so heavy, as she sat in the firelight, that a tear stole down her cheek, and she could not shake off the fear of impending trouble.

Soon the sound of her husband's footsteps aroused her, and she hastened to the door, intending to give him an affectionate welcome. But she was coldly and cruelly repulsed.

"Look at this—and this—and this!" said he, as he threw down upon the table three bills which had been taken from the postoffice. "Pay them if you can; I can't. How we're going to live through the winter I don't know. I have a mind to shoot myself."

Mary hurried from the room to give orders for supper, taking the baby with her, having a sort of fear that the father, in his present savage mood, would injure the child in some way; the was so fond of the other children that she had no fears of them). As she paced the floor of the dining room, hugging the child closely, she resolved to make an effort to change the old order of things—in fact, to institute a measure of reform.

Charles Percival was not usually a cruel husband and father; he and Mary began life very happily, but he was not fond of work, neither did he enjoy seeing his wife work. As time passed on, and the little ones came rapidly, it was he who insisted on keeping a servant the year round, although Mary protested—on the ground that they could not afford the additional expense. He also insisted on keeping a boy, although the farm work on his farm was not so heavy but that he could have done it himself. With a boy who did the work he had a great deal of leasure in the winter season, and as he found it rather monotous to sit in the house and read from morning till night, day after day, he gradually fell into the habit of harnessing his horse for a drive to the village store to hear the news.

The path of idleness always leads downward, and so quick a traveler was Charles Percival that it was not long before he could smoke as many pipes, expectorate as much tobacco juice, take as many drinks and spin as many yarns as some men who had occupied the barrel heads at the grocery for many successive winters.

Mary observed the downward progress, and her heart grew heavy; yet she dared not remonstrate lest she might utter the one word too many, which would defeat her aim. She knew that her husband was neglecting his family, and she knew that their finances must soon become involved if matters continued to grow worse. She therefore kept her home pleasant and cheerful, made herself and the children as attractive as possible, and waited and hoped for a change.

That night—the night of the first of January—was the culminating point. Although her heart was breaking, she gave orders to Bridget to set the table with the best napery, and bring from the cellar the best preserves; the table was made as bright and appetizing as cleanliness and good food could make it. When she called her husband to supper the cloud had partly vanished from his face, the result of the caresses and bright speeches of the little ones.

The supper pleased him, and by the time the meal was finished he seemed to have forgotten the episode which had nearly crushed his wife. But Mary had not forgotten, and while getting the little ones ready for bed nerved herself to speak. By the time the babies were asleep she was ready for the ordeal.

"Charles," she said tremulously, a little frightened at the sound of her own voice, "put down your paper, please, for a few moments; I have a plan to propose to you."

The old frown came back to his face as he said: "Oh, I know what it is; you want me to discharge John and do the work myself."

"Yes, Charles, and not only John but Bridget."

"Are you crazy, Mary? You would be sick in bed in a week, and the amount of the doctor's bills would pay a dozen Bridgets, to say nothing of your discomfort. (Charles had really a tender heart.) Discharging Bridget is not to be thought of."

"It can and must be thought of. I have a plan to propose, and if you agree to it I can almost promise a change for the better in our affairs. The plan includes work for you, but if you will not agree to it I must give it up."

"Let's hear the plan," said Charles.

"There is no reason why we should spend an idle winter; there are grave reasons why we should not. I alone can not add to the care of the children all the work that Bridget does, but with your help I can manage without overwork. Bridget and John form one-third of the family, and of course cause us expense aside from their wages. John has tried to do all the chores before and after school. You are as quick as John, and as you are not expected to go to school, you can devote those six hours to helping me."

"But what can I do? I know nothing about housework."

"You can make the fires and take care of the children while I cook. Then if it is really netessary, you can wipe the dishes (here Charles made a wry face). Any honest labor is to be preferred to debt," said Mary.

"But what about the washing? I shall have to run around and look up a washerwoman every week, and that will be a bother."

"No, Charles, we shall do our own washing, you and I. The new method of washing with kerosene makes the work much easier; besides, you will do the heavy work, draw water, lift the tubs, turn the wringer, hang out the clothes and bring them in. I will not ask you to iron if you will amuse the babies while I do it."

Charles opened his eyes wide and gave a prolonged whistle.

"Well," said Mary, I have submitted the plan, and I know it needs only your sanction to be successfully carried out. If you do not agree to it, I do not know of any way by which our finances can be improved. Do not decide now; wait until to-morrow, and then tell me your opinion."

The morrow came and Charles announced his willingness to try the proposed order of things a month. Bridget and John were discharged with good recommendations, and Charles Percival entered upon his new duties. The kitched and sitting-room fires claimed his attention first in the morning, then his horse, chickens and cow were attended to. He brought the milk into the house and strained it; then proceeded to dress the children, while Mary cooked the breakfast; the children were also his care during the greater part of the day, and he learned to love them as never before; their quaint speeches and charming little ways bound him with the strongest chords. Besides, he had the consciousness of doing the duty; if he could not earn money in the winter, he could at least save it. Mary's management was much more economical than Bridget's and her cooking was superior. On washing days he followed Mary's plan, and instead of being "demeaned" by it, as he seemed to fear, he was conscious that the work was engobling. Was he not lightening the burdens of the dearest woman in the world?

Of course there were times when, being in the village, the old longing to linger at the store and listen to the spinning of the old yarns would come over him, but the thought of the noble little woman and the dear children at home never failed to conquer that longing.

Mary accomplished her object, which was not so much to save money (though that was no unimportant item) as to save her husband. She continued to fill the days with work, and in the evenings they sometimes planned the spring work on the farm. The agricultural papers were consulted for the best methods of farm work. She always managed to have something attractive to keep him at home.

By the time the spring work began he had served so good an apprenticeship that labor was not so distasteful to him as in former seasons. That year his farm flourished as never before; they hired Bridget for the summer, but the next winter went back to the order of the year before. (Mary had a horror of seeing her husband idle.)

The close of the next New Year Day found Mary at the window, looking toward the village as before, not depressed in spirits, but with the light of happiness dawning in her eyes. Charles drove into the yard, and she went to the door to meet him. He handed her some receipted bills and a small roll of bank bills. "Happy New Year, Mary!" said he; "thanks to you, we are square with the world, and have a little left."

Mary mentally contrasted the two New Year days, and wiped the tears of joy from her eyes.—[Country Gentleman.

HE LOST HIS KISS.

The Pranks the Wilful Wind Sometimes Plays.

What pranks the winds will play! They conspire to make a man appear like a perfect fool; they do make him ridiculous; but there is no use in his getting mad about it. A very funny scene during a recent high wind-storm in Providence is described in the *Journal*:

The train for Boston had just drawn up to the station. It hadn't a minute to wait, and a good-looking young fellow who was struggling to get a bundle out of a farm wagon, in which he had evidently come from the interior, apparently knew it. There was a girl waiting on the platform to bid him good-by. She was an awfully pretty girl, with cheeks the color of the red onions they grew across the bay. She was as nervous as the young man, and they were both afraid he would miss the train. As he got the bundle out at last, rushed to the platform and grasped the pretty girl's hand. He bent his head, she raised her ruby red lips, the passengers in the car who had caught on held their breath, when, just as the two pairs of lips were about to touch, the wicked wind sent the young man's derby flying. He stopped right there, to the great disappointment of the onlookers and the boundless dismay of the girl, and started for his hat. He got it, but in his excitement tripped, over his own feet, and fell all over himself. The people on the train roared with laughter, and even the pretty girl on the platform smiled while she cast a shy glance at whence came the sounds of mirth. There was no more time to be lost, and the young man managed to gather himself together and leap aboard the train. Everybody felt sorry for him, and a drummer in the smoker grieved so much over what the young lady lost, he blew her a kiss through the car window himself, apologizing to his companions by saying that was the best he could do under the circumstances.

He Needed Dieting.

Patient—"Isn't there some mistake about that bill you sent me?"

Doctor—"No, sir; it's correct—$500."

Patient—"To pay that will take every cent I have; I'll starve."

Doctor—"Well, dieting is what you need."—[Good News.

HENRY BILLINGS BROWN.

THE NEW SUPREME COURT JUDGE.

Some Facts About the Associate Justice—How His Appointment Came About—A Good Man for the Bench.

Hon. Henry Billings Brown, recently appointed by President Harrison to the seat upon the United States Supreme bench made vacant by the death of Justice Miller, of Iowa, was born at Lee, Mass., March 2, 1836. His father was in the lumber manufacturing business, and in rather moderate circumstances. Judge Brown's mother was a woman of remarkable ability. The young man received his first education in his native town and subsequently entered the Yale college, graduating in 1856. Among his classmates were Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Judge David J. Brewer and others who have since won National reputations.

Upon leaving college he spent a year in Europe, traveling extensively and making a special study of the languages on the continent. On his return to this

JUDGE BROWN.

country he commenced the study of law at New Haven, finally receiving his diploma from the law department of Harvard university. He determined to seek his fortunes in the West, and chose Michigan as the field of his labors through the fact that there were relatives of the family residing at Marshall.

Judge Brown arrived in Detroit in 1859, first entering the office of Walker & Russell, where he remained until 1861, when he was appointed assistant district attorney and deputy United States marshal. In 1868 he was appointed judge of the Wayne Circuit court by Governor Crapo to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of C. I. Walker. Upon the selection of Judge Patchen to this place Judge Brown formed a partnership with John S. Newberry and Ashley Pond which continued until 1875, when President Grant made him District judge of the Eastern District of Michigan. He has held court in every district in the Sixth circuit with but one exception. He held court for Judge Emmons in Memphis in 1876 and the year following at Knoxville and Louisville, and in 1878 at Memphis and Cincinnati.

Judge Brown has been for four years past lecturer on admiralty law at Michigan University, and "Brown's Admiralty Reports" are considered among the highest authorities in the country. Among the many prominent lawyers who have appeared before him are Stanley Matthews and Judge Ranney, of Cleveland.

In politics Judge Brown has always been a strong Republican. He occupies with his family an elegant new residence at 712 Jefferson avenue, Detroit. Mrs. Brown, prior to her wedding in 1864, was Miss Caroline Pitts.

How He Came to be Appointed.

In the sense that any one can be a candidate for a place like that of associate justice of the Supreme court of the United States, Judge Brown was one at the time that the President appointed Judge Brewer to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Stanley Matthews. The President, it is well known, was anxious to nominate Judge Brown for the place then, but he was confronted with a split in the ranks of prominent Michigan Republicans. One faction desired the appointment of Alfred Russel; the other that of Judge Brown.

Of the two the former was undoubtedly the stronger, if the clamor of politicians can be said to strengthen the cause of a candidate for a judicial office. Under the circumstances the President preferred to seek a suitable man outside the precincts of the state of Michigan, and he found one in Judge Brewer, of Kansas. Now, Judge Brewer and Judge Brown were intimate friends; in fact they had been classmates at Yale. To be placed in a position of rivals for a judgeship suited neither. Each preferred that the other should be successful, as long as both were unable to decline what had not yet been offered to either.

Judge Brewer found an opportunity to let the President know that if it were a question as between Judge Brown and himself, he hoped that the appointment of Judge Brown would be made. Whether the President then considered the split in the Republican delegation from Michigan a serious enough objection to the appointment of Judge Brown, or whether he thought it more desirable to fill the vacancy on the bench by a man from a state further west than Michigan, is probably of little consequence in view of the fact that he appointed Judge Brewer.

It is of interest, however, to note that he gave the friends of Judge Brown to understand at the time that he would appoint him as associate justice of the Supreme court if he should ever again have the opportunity to do so. One may be certain that he did not think, when making this implied promise, that he should be called upon so soon to redeem it.

In redeeming it, however, the President has the satisfaction of knowing that he has made an appointment which meets the hearty approval of the justices of the Supreme court. It is no reflection upon the ability of the court to say that it has frequently felt that a jurist thoroughly familiar with the decisions made by the courts of the different states in admiralty cases would measurably ease the labors of the Supreme court and contribute to a more expeditious discharge of its duties than is at present possible.

These requirements Judge Brown fills in a remarkable degree, and it is upon this ground, chiefly, that his appointment was warmly urged by the members of the court. They have frequently had an opportunity of seeing him in court, and they are, of course, fully acquainted with his work on admiralty law, in which he is considered an authority.

Limited Power of Attorney.

"John," said the Rev. Mr. Goodman to his hired man, "are you a Christian?"

"Who—er—no, sir," replied John.

"Do you ever swear?"

"I—I'm sometimes a little keerless like in my talk."

"I am sorry, John," replied Mr. Goodman. "But we will converse about this some other time. I wish you would take this money and settle this bill of $4 for thawing out a water pipe, and talk to the man in a careless kind of a way as if it were your own bill."—[Chicago Tribune.

Hospitable.

Tramp—"I say, ma'am, can't ye gimme a bite o' something cold to eat?"

Mrs. Pancake—"Why, yes, poor fellow! go and take one of those icicles off the fence."—[Judge.

HE WAS A GENTLEMAN,

And Threw up his Hand out of Pure Sentiment.

"I am a believer," said the Colonel, tilting his chair and resting his perfectly polished boots on one of its rungs, "in man's natural goodness. I had the pleasure once of knowing an honest gambler. I liked him, too, for he was a gentleman. The days of this class of gamblers are past, however, and to-day they seem to be a scurvy lot.

"Moore, when I knew him, was a Mississippi river gambler. He traveled, in fact lived, on the big river steamboats. He never attempted to conceal the truth about himself. It was simply, 'Gentlemen, I am a gambler by occupation and a good one. If you care to have me play with you it will give me great pleasure. If you don't, it doesn't make a particle of difference.'

"I got to know Moore very well, and I soon discovered that when playing with the average man, luck being equal, he would win ninety-nine times out of a hundred. I never touched cards, but I used to like his society. He was a wonderfully entertaining talker. On summer nights the steward used to serve dinner on deck for those who preferred to have it there. After dinner we would go up to the hurricane deck, and when Moore was on board he would bring out his flute and play for us. When the moon was out, and threw a thin blue veil over the water, or when the boat carving the darkness swept so close to the shore that it brushed the dark willows on the bank, the rising and falling notes that came from his instrument were gentle music to the ear. I never knew him to propose a game at cards. He would play there until some one suggested a game, when he would take his instrument apart, and put it away in an indifferent manner.

"I watched him at play one night, when Satan seemed to throw every card to this calm, self-possessed man. There was a cool, matter-of-fact way about him which froze the ardor of every one else except a young man about 25 years old. This player was in ill-luck, but with flushed face and feverish eye he made his bets furiously, only to lose every time. It soon became evident that he was playing beyond his means. Moore must have noticed it, for he ceased to bet heavily against the younger man. This angered the other.

"There was a pot of $800 once, and every one had dropped out except Moore and the young man. Moore had been playing his hand like a wonderful automaton, passionless but sure. No man except his opponent, perhaps, could doubt that he held the winning hand. Suddenly, when his rival bet $50, Moore laid down his hand, saying, 'I won't bet. I have nothing. You played that well.'

"The young man reached out feverishly for the pile of money, and then his hand lay on the table.

"'That is not true,' he said. 'You have a good hand and you are afraid to play it against me.'

"Moore shot a hot glance across the table at him and two red spots flashed into his cheeks.

"'I lay down my hand,' he said slowly, but with a slight tremor in his voice.

"'And I say,' added the other in a low tone, 'that you are a gambler, and therefore a coward.'

"'Hush,' I said, laying my hand on the young man's sleeve. 'You don't know what you are saying. He is not a coward by any manner of means.'

"The young man shook off my hand vehemently.

"'He is a coward,' he repeated, 'and I will answer for my words at the first landing.'

"I looked at Moore. I had seen him sit on the hurricane deck, a revolver in hand and as a waiter threw champagne bottles over the rail, raise his arm swiftly and shatter the falling glass with a bullet. There were greater stories, too, by far about his deadly aim in duels. He sat stiff and motionless with a terrible fire in his eyes. I was amazed by his next words.

"'Does the game go on?' he asked quietly.

"'Not with you,' said the young man, bending forward, the veins in his forehead swelling. 'Not until I prove that you are afraid to bet,' and with a sudden motion he thrust his hand across the table and seizing Moore's hand turned the cards face upward on the table.

"I was on my feet at that instant to arrest Moore's right arm, for I felt that he would draw his revolver at the insult. But a hush fell over those around the table and the hot-headed young man was gazing stupidly at the cards before him. Four aces lay there—an invincible hand, for straights were not played. There was a blue tinge in Moore's white lips and the young man looked bewildered. The young fellow burst into tears.

"'We can't play together any more,' he cried. 'You threw money into my pocket because I was losing too much. I can't take it,' he said, arising from his chair.

"'You can,' said the gambler in an even voice. 'I laid down my hand. The money is yours. 'Besides,' he added with a little shiver, 'I held out an ace on you.'

"Every man at the table knew that Moore had lied. We all got up and left the young man sitting there before his money. I found Moore shortly afterward on deck, looking into the darkly whirling water.

"'Give me your hand,' I said. 'What in the world did you mean? You never cheated at cards in your life.'

"'Tut, tut,' he answered with a little laugh that was slightly harsh, 'he is only a boy and I loved his mother once.'"
—[N. Y. Tribune.

ELECTED BY THE HOUSE.

A Brace of Exciting Incidents in Our Political History.

Since the foundation of the government two Presidential elections have been thrown into the House, where the vote is taken by states, and each state is entitled to one vote. In 1800 Jefferson and Aaron Burr were candidates on the same ticket. The law then gave the Presidency to the candidate receiving the highest vote, the next highest to become Vice President. The Republicans, who supported Jefferson and Burr, chose 73 electors, and the Federalists, who supported John Adams and C. C. Pickney, chose 65 electors. Each elector voted for two persons, and unfortunately the Republican electors gave Jefferson and Burr 73 votes each. Neither having a majority, the election was transferred to the House, which elected Jefferson on the thirty-sixth ballot. The excitement caused by the contest, heightened as it was by Burr's intrigue to secure for himself the Presidency which the party desired for Jefferson, secured a change to the present law.

In 1824 Jackson, John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay and William H. Crawford were candidates for President. This was the famous "scrub race" of our political history. Jackson led in electoral votes, and also in the popular vote, but did not receive a majority. Mr. Clay had not then separated from the Republican or Democratic party; but he disliked Jackson, and gave as a reason for declining to support Crawford the latter's infirm health. His influence elected Adams, and created a revolution in politics which caused the latter's overwhelming defeat by Jackson for re-election four years later.—[Arkansas Gazette.

A Young Churchwoman.

There's a 3-year-old New Jersey girl who belongs to an Episcopalian family. The first time she went to church she came home and criticized the music.

"It was very bad," she insisted.

"How do you know?" asked her mother.

"Because all the people said so."

"But they didn't, Kittie," urged the mother.

"Yes they did, too, mamma. Didn't I hear 'em keep saying, 'Lord have mercy on us miserable singers?'"

On another occasion she startled the family by announcing that Episcopalians were people who always did what they oughtn't to do, and left undone those things they ought to do.—[Washington Star.

She Didn't Know.

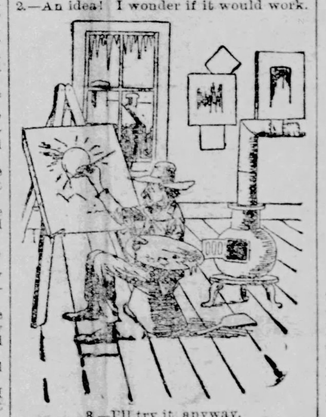
"Earneline, can you keep a secret?" he whispered hoarsely.

"I don't know; I never tried to. What is it?"—[Philadelphia Times.

THE TRIUMPH OF ART.

1.—Oh, my! But this is cold.

2.—An idea! I wonder if it would work.



3.—I'll try it, anyway.

4.—A midday July sun isn't in it.

OUTWITTING THE FACULTY.

Various Devices of Students to Pass Examinations Without Study.

At a recent meeting of a number of college men in Hartford, conversation happened to drift to the trials and struggles of examination days. It was led that way by the first story teller, who said that having been at one examination where each student drew a separate slip of questions he met a classmate who had to go in with the next division. "The thing is not likely to be a chance," he said to his friend, "but in case you should draw the paper I had, I'll tell you what each question was." So he did. The fellow looked them up, went in, and drew that very paper, and came out triumphant.

But that proved a very mild case when the others came up. It seems that in one examination at Yale some years ago in Latin one fellow, who was very shaky, put his own interlined text book into his overcoat pocket and entered the room. He was called to the desk and the tutor gave him a text book, of course, not interlined. He shoved it into his other pocket, walked slowly back to his seat, drew out his own book from his pocket, and was all prepared. After reciting, before the tutor could call for the book, he absent-mindedly thrust it back into his pocket and turned away. Being asked for the book, he apologized, hauled out the other one, and retired.

Once in alumni hall at Yale a shaky student, who couldn't bear to part with his class, discovered in advance a knot hole in the floor. He secured the desk by that hole. Pretty soon he had the misfortune to drop his pencil. Bending over for it, he shoved his examination paper down through the knot hole. Fellows in waiting in the cellar ran off with it, filled out papers for him, not too well, but well enough to save him, for a perfectly correct examination was not consistent with his record, and on returning, signalled to him. This time he had the misfortune to knock a lot of paper off his table and litter the floor. He got down and conscientiously picked everything up, including the relief papers that came up through the knot hole.

At another time, where papers were drawn, one fellow drew two by sleight-of-hand process, passed on one surrendered it, and went out. Then he gave the extra one to a lame friend, who at once "crammed" that paper. Then he went in, drew his paper, and calmly substituted the one he knew, passing well on it, and carrying away, for what might be termed outdoor relief, the paper that he drew. This kept going all day, and worked as well as a surreptitious envelope under the Connecticut secret ballot law.

Another fellow, illustrating alike the sharpness of the boy and the laziness of the professor, having practically no knowledge of one heavy subject that had been a study for the term, went to the records and learned by heart the answers to each of the twelve question asked in each of the previous years, discovering the while that instead of being 36 questions, there was a good deal of repetition. Knowing these questions thoroughly, and not a word outside of them, he went in, and, sure enough, the professor had drawn sufficiently on his earlier papers to enable this fellow to answer more than enough to pass him. As for the rest, his paper was a blank.—[Hartford Courant.

The state geologist says that the iron ore beds of eastern Texas will yield 4,000,000 tons to the square mile.

Our Serial Story.

Written for the Blade. Copyright, 1890.

A ROMANCE OF TWO BROTHERS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Author of "The Confessions of Claud," "An Ambitious Woman," "The Evil That Men Do," "A New York Family," Etc.

CHAPTER II.

She watched him for a few seconds as though it had suddenly become known to her that he had gone mad. Then, obeying a little gesture that he made, she followed him and went with him into the dusty, belittered room where he had squandered, as it seemed to her, so many half-idle hours. Maynard closed the window, for too strong a breeze blew into the chamber. As he did so he watched a sunset that was simply one luminous orange haze, against which rose clusters of those red chimney-pots which invest with charm the forlornest London purlieus. Then he suddenly turned, and saw that his wife had seated herself. This seemed a concession, and he at once paid heed to it by dropping into a seat opposite her. She did not look conciliatory; she did not even look indulgent. But he strove not to care how she either looked or felt, and flung one hand with intimate abandonment toward the chaos of scientific utensils that filled the room.

"You see all these, Georgina? Well, I've gathered more than you guess from

"YOU SEE ALL THESE, GEORGINA?"

my long association with them. I need not tell you how strong was my passion for science when I first came over sea to Cambridge. At Columbia college, in New York, I had convinced myself that I could excel as a chemist, a physicist, a man of eager search into the actual."

"Oh, you need not tell me *this*, Egbert. I know it well enough. Why should I not?"

"But you thought it all waste of time after you had—I mean, after we were married. Well, pursuing these studies, I became specially fond of the wonderful and enticing was of electricity. It happened about four years ago, that I employed this great and mystic force during a series of essays in the line of chemical analysis. One day I drew back frightened from the result of a certain experiment."

"Frightened?" repeated Georgina. She was clearly interested.

Instantly Maynard felt himself thrilled by a very enthusiasm of narration. He again began to speak with great nimbleness of tongue, but with sorry disregard of his auditor. Presently Georgina stopped him, a ring of fatigue in her tones.

"I don't understand your technical terms, Egbert. They confuse me. But am I right in deducing from what you've already said that you found a certain new kind of electricity never ever conceived of before?"

He nodded eagerly. "Yes—yes; that's just it. I'll be simpler; I should have been simpler when I first spoke. Of course you have seen toward what my preamble tended; you're too intelligent not to have seen. One single eternal principle of life spreads through the whole universe. That principle, that essence, no mortal has ever yet attained. To attain it, as I soon shall do, would in many cases have been defiance of death. For such an elixir—"

"Elixir?" his wife broke in, with a faint, jeering laugh.

"That has a very familiar sound, and not at all a credible one."

He bowed, with curt, swift acquiescence. "Oh, yes. No doubt I used the wrong word. It has a Cagliostro-like echo, I admit. But I don't mean that sort of thing a bit, Georgina. I have accomplished, in a partial way, the liquefaction of electricity. It is a fluid, as we scientists have always more or less supposed. But none of us have thus far been able to find out anything concerning it except its effects. It always hitherto, *has been*, so to speak; we never presume to say of it that it *is* anywhere. But I have imprisoned it in an actual liquid, through processes of molecular and atomic fusion with that one elemental body which I have chanced to see that it loves, clings to, and is conquered by. But as yet my achieved results are not wholly triumphant. The liquid I have obtained is still too volatile. It evaporates with enormous rapidity; it needs a third force to slip in and prevent this continual disjunctive trend. Such a force I am on the threshold of finding. It will not be hard to find. I almost divine it at this moment. I have crossed the threshold of a superb conquest; I pause, as it were, in the antechamber. And I have paused intentionally. Do you know why? The excitement has been too intense. I wish to have my triumph shared with me. Will not you share it? Will not you rejoice with me in this magnificente of discovery, greater than man has ever yet approached, however he may in past years have dreamed, through trust in fable and superstition, that he might possibly reach it?"

Georgina had drooped her head a little and pressed her lips tightly together. Those words "fable" and "superstition" met her ears with an ominous note. She remembered (had she ever forgotten?) the abhorred skepticism of her husband.

"You mean, then," she slowly said "that you may soon discover a power to prolong *human* life beyond its natural term?"

"Yes—I mean that," he replied, with vehemence, "and I mean more."

"More?"

"There is no reason—none whatever—why a human being with no organic disease or lesion, should not live forever, while fed and buoyed by this splendid stimulus. I—"

"Hush," she interrupted, rising. Her face was very pale, and her features twitched a little as she framed her next sentence. "I am sorry that you've told me anything of this. I didn't ask you to tell it. But now that you've done so, Egbert, I can only assure you how impious it strikes me—what a shameful revolt it appears against the sacred laws of God!"

She rose, after this, and promptly swept from the room. Maynard could have cursed himself for telling her. The breach between them seemed in a few short minutes abysmally to have widened. He might have known that her mind would have taken some such view of his grand project. Thenceforth every iota of his old love perishes. The last remnant of tenderness for this woman had given place to a dread lest she might seek to thwart and balk his designs. But soon he had controlled such dread and even scoffed at it. Still, he felt humiliated, insulted, slapped on the cheek. Were it not for the boys, he told himself, he would never willingly look again on the face of his wife.

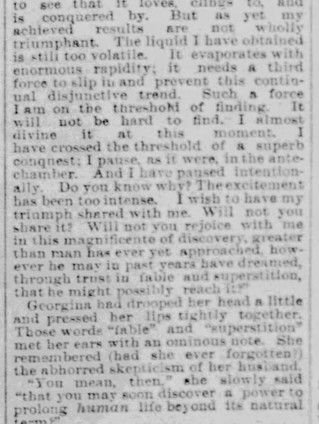
He went out into the breezy starlit garden, where his son's laughter had lately rang. They had gone into the house now, and were perhaps being undressed for bed by their mother, who had always strictly enforced upon them early hours. Ah, such a mother! Maynard shuddered there in the chill of the nearing night, and as he shuddered a pain darted through his chest and he coughed. Then, in a little while, the handkerchief which he put to his lips grew stained, and somewhat copiously, with blood. A pang of fear now thrilled him. What if he should die before completing his transcendant work? He had had that cough for years, and been careless about it. Possibly the very agitation through which he had just passed had developed a further weakness of whose real existence he had been but vaguely aware.

The last step in his great accomplishment had yet to be taken. He spent several hours of feverish work in his laboratory that night and went to bed strangely feeble. The next day he visited a certain famous London physician, who told him things which he no sooner heard than he began to doubt them, after the fashion of countless consumptives. The mortal who suffers from any pulmonary ill seldom can see his own threatening doom. Still a young man, Maynard had been attacked with an arterial hemorrhage, whose effects absolute rest might have appeased, though never cured. But rest of any sort was precisely what he now refused to take. A double incentive hereafter swayed him. He desired to perfect his unparalleled drug, and he desired to use it upon his own impaired body. It could not endow him, he argued, with immunity from future disease, but it might prolong his life for many a decade by the intense nutriment it gave to other organs than those harmed.

His wife watched his labors with cold disrelish. She perceived that his health was failing; he had never borne the look of a man free from all lurking malady, and now his glassy eyes and sunken cheeks told a somber tale. Always previously willing that his boys should go and come as they chose during his studies and experiments, he got into the habit of exiling them from his presence while he brooded and toiled. The two little fellows loved him very dearly and resented being thus proscribed. He would endeavor, at intervals, to console them for this hated desire, but often while giving them the fatherly caress for which they both hungered in their pretty eagerness, he would either discern, or fancy that he discerned, a sort of smoldering disapproval on the part of their mother.

One day he said to himself, with a wild gladness: "It is found! I knew victory was waiting just beyond my reach, and I have put forth the one-needed effort and grasped it!" * * * That evening he poured into a large flask what he felt even more than firmly convinced was the energy, wondrously materialized and liquefied, which permeated, in its vital sovereignty, the entire universe. He was very tired, and exhausted. He had worked for many hours without the least pause. It was nearly midnight, and he went to one of his windows, raising it recklessly, and letting a raw wind blow into the chamber from a clouded, opaque sky. On the sill of the window (which he forgot to close) was a wilted rose bush in a common earthen pot. He drew the plant in from its cheerless ledge of shelter, and poured round its root some of the fluid which he had so lately distilled. Then he took a glass and made himself a potion from the same source. He seated himself beside the table on which he had placed the plant. He was about to lift the glass to his lips when something that a saner and less passionately excited mind might have called a mere vision of its own over-wrought powers, burst upon him with delicious violence and confirmation. The drooping stems revived; the faded leaves grew hardy and green; at the ends of the slim stem buds broke, and then swelled until pink petals gleamed between their dividing segments. At once these petals unfolded, and rich roses were born. It was the magic of the fairy tale suddenly turned real; it was the giving to necromancy an every-day gear.

But now what has suddenly happened? Maynard, with colorless face and straining eyes, leaned forward. The rose-bush was again its previous withered self. Just the same old dry, thorny stalk, and the same effete, blighted leafage! What did this re-transformation mean? Had he dreamed the fanciful and waked to the real? * * * In another moment he rose, staggering; his brain whirled, and it seemed as if the floor dropped away from him in gulfs of darkness. Groping for the bell-rope he pulled it twice or thrice. Then he sank—sank. It was not with any sense of painful fall, however; it was more as if arms caught him and let him gently down in their embrace. But he passionately recollected and craved the fluid. Where had he left it? Ah, he was incapable of thinking where. And yet he wanted it, he so wanted it! * * * But



HIS WIFE CAME HURRYING INTO THE ROOM.

soon afterward—even sooner than his wife came hurrying into the room—he had ceased to know whether he wanted it or not.

A great vein had burst. His life hung by a thread for days. All this while he was unconscious. Then came a time during which he saw distorted shapes about his bed, and among them the familiar, yet altered face of his wife. He strove to ask her for that cherished flask; did he fail to make his meaning known? He could not decide; she had not the look of one who had even heard him, apart from heeding. There was a deadness of unconcern in her features more stolid to him than stone.

One day all the ghosts had withdrawn their grim shapes, and he found himself lying with clear intellect though strengthless frame. Georgina entered, and he saw her start a little as she bent her gaze upon him.

"You're better," he heard her say, as if she were talking of the weather having improved from rain to sunshine. "But you must not speak; you must not try to speak. The doctor forbids it." He did not try to speak. He had begun to try to think of his beloved flask again. It might work marvels in him, though, of course, its fight with his disease must end in final defeat. Still, he wanted to do a certain thing regarding it. He yearned to enshrine the formula of its creative process in a sort of last will and testament for his eldest son, [illegible]. He wondered, as he lay there, mute, [illegible], who "the doctor" was, and whether she had not called in his old friend, Ross Thorndyke.

Presesently he found this true. As Thorndyke stood at his bedside (a fair, tall, stalwart man of his own age) Maynard feebly stretched forth one hand.

The young doctor took it, but at once, commandingly, though softly, said:

"You mustn't speak, Egbert. I'll get you paper and pencil, old fellow, if there's anything you must tell me. But it's a great deal better for you not to bother your head about anything in life for the next five days at least."

"I wish that you would bring me," Maynard was presently writing, "the large flask of white liquid which you will find in my study."

Thorndyke left the room and was gone a good while. "My dear Egbert," he said, on returning, "I can find no trace of the flask of which you speak. Could it possible—?" and while Maynard interrupted him with a quick negative he lifted into sharp evidence several phials which he had brought from the laboratory.

Maynard had absolute confidence in Ross Thorndyke. They had been warm friends at Cambridge, and in a manner had continued so ever since. Two qualities in the young physician had always won his devout respect; Thorndyke had a crystal reasoning power and a veracity of the most vigorous. To be at once so incandid-minded and so honorable was in itself a passport into Maynard's admiration. "I wish I could keep Ross up more than I do," he had often mused, "and not let him drop as I somehow must." Still since his marriage, Maynard had smoked a good many social pipes in the company of his friend, though latterly they had seen less and less of each other, as the big hum and bustle of London had seemed to slip separatively between them. While he now heard Dr. Thorndyke speak, an expression of pain touched Maynard's hueless face. He had awfully suspected his wife of duplicity; he could not refrain from the belief that she had served him a horrid and stealthy trick.

But his brain, at present thoroughly clear, saw the futility of attempting either accusation or remonstrance. The will to live was strong in him. If such peril menaced speech, he would try to preserve silence. By a gesture and a meaning movement of the features, he showed Dr. Thorndyke that he would impose no further search. Resolving to live on through the preservation of silence, he suffered for the next three days untold tortures. Mentally he was vitality itself; physically he was almost a complete failure of fiber and nerve. Georgina would come into his room and perform the offices of nurse with careful exactitude. Now and then she brought the boys in to stand at his bedside and let him clasp their hands. Sylvan would be very gentle and demure; Ger-

GERALD WOULD PR

...ent Literature.

...Volumes That Have ...e Blade Book Table.

...Starlight and Sunshine," ...n Gibson, is a handsomely ...me of 200 pages, with the ...of pleasing studies from ...e book is a beautiful one—most beautiful gift-books of ...t is published by Harper & ...w York city.

...of the theater will welcome ...k Hutton's "Curiosities of the ...erican Stage." It is beautifully ...rated, handsomely bound, and admirably illustrated. Some of the portraits are very rare, while others, never engraved before, have been prepared specially for this work. Harper & Brothers, New York city.

A charming book invested with a wild, weird interest is entitled the "Seven Dreamers," from the same house. "Dreamin' awake's about as common's dreamin' asleep," one of the characters in a book of stories by Annie Trumbull Slosson, explains, in the introduction.

Francois Coppee is, perhaps, the most widely popular of living French poets, while as a master of the story-telling art he has but few superiors. American readers now have an opportunity to judge of the simple but exquisite art displayed in his contes en prose through a collection of "Ten Tales by Francois Coppee," translated by Walter Learned, and published by Harper & Bros., New York city.

"The Snake's Pass," a novel by Bram Stoker, M. A., published by Harper & Bros., New York, is among the latest numbers of the Franklin Square Library. It is an interesting story of adventure, told in the first person.

"The Story of My House," by George H. Ellwanger, author of "My Garden's Story," is a series of graceful studies of the ideal home as an outward expression of that which satisfies the inner nature. This is a book of artistic impressions, as well as of definite information. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

"Through Magic Glasses," and other stories, is a sequel to the "Fairy Land of Science." Arabella B. Buckley, the author, has a charming way of interesting young people in scientific topics, and the present volume is a treasury of information presented in a most attractive guise. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

"From Lake to Lake; or, A Trip Across Country," a narrative of the wilds of Maine, by Captain Charles A. J. Farrar, is founded on the author's experiences in '76, the first summer a steamer ran on the Richardson Lakes. Another book by the same author is "Camp Life in the Wilderness," which is now in the third edition. The story gives the haps and mishaps of a party of Boston gentlemen who spent a summer vacation in the Rangely Lake region, and is, in the main true. Both books are exceedingly entertaining. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

"Dorothy's Experience," by Adeline Trafton, author of "An American Girl Abroad," etc., is a pretty story which opens with a young girl's experience at a revival, and her efforts to get religion. Published by Lee & Shepard.

A very pretty book is "A Lost Jewel," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, and published by the same house.

"The Wonder Light and Other Tales for Children" by Mrs. J. Campbell Ver-Plank is a book of theosophical stories. The Path, 132 Nassau street, New York City.

From Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York city, comes "Aunt Dorothy," an old Virginia plantation story by Margaret J. Preston, whose tales have won for her a good deal of popularity.

The "Discovery of America," by Warren Holden, is the story told of the crossing of Columbus in rhyme. It is published in neat, compact form by J. B. Lippincott company, Philadelphia.

"The Antiquities of the State of Ohio," with full and accurate descriptions of the works of the Mound Builders; defensive and sacred inclosures; mounds, cemeteries and tombs and their contents; implements, sculptures etc., and illustrated with maps, plans, views and relics, by Henry A. Shepherd, is issued by Robert Clark & Co., Cincinnati.

"How to be a Pastor," by Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., is published by the Baker & Taylor Co., New York City. This book, which has just been published, is a terse expression of invaluable lessons learned in the experiences of a pastorate of more than 40 years.

WHAT DID MOTHER EVE DO?

The Question Suggested to a Matron by a Book.

"What did Eve do for a nurse girl?"

The question came toward the close of a conversation between two young matrons concerning the training of children. One had been dilating on the merits of a book on that subject.

"You ought to read it," she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "It is full of thoroughly practical ideas."

"Tells where the nursery should be located, doesn't it?" inquired the other.

"O, yes. It says that the room or rooms set apart for the use of the child should be near its mother's, so that it can be constantly under her eye."

"Near her boudoir, isn't it?"

"Yes; that's the way the book puts it."

"And the child should be kept away from the reception room and parlors?"

"Of course. Constant attention from visitors will spoil any child."

Matron No. 2 roused herself and with considerable show of interest asked:

"Does it tell how all this can be arranged in a seven-room flat?"

"Well—no-o," replied Matron No. 1; "I don't know that it does."

"Did you ever see a book that did?"

"No; I can't say that I have."

"Then a child can't be brought up properly outside of a large house?"

"Well, hardly that. Of course, if one can't have a nursery——"

"If one can't, one can't follow the advice given. The nurse girl, I suppose, must be trustworthy, amiable, educated, and fond of children."

"O, yes; all of that. The book says that wages should not be considered; that the aim should be to get a girl who could gain the confidence of the child and who would be competent not only to carry out the instructions of the mother but to fill in the details. You see, the immediate care of the children is in the hands of the girl."

"And the mother trains the girl?"

"Yes, that's about it."

"Suppose she can't afford to hire a nurse girl?"

"Why, I—I—really, I don't think it gives any advice in that contingency."

"Ever see a book that did?"

"No, I don't believe I have."

"I wonder," said Matron No. 2 thoughtfully, "how many women there are in Chicago who can't afford to employ an extra servant to take care of the children?"

Matron No. 1 did not attempt to figure on the problem, and after a pause Matron No. 2 sighed and put her closing question:

"What did Eve do for a nurse girl?"

Matron No. 1 was staggered, but for only a moment.

"She didn't have any," she replied, "and I guess that is why Cain went wrong."—[Chicago Tribune.

The Only Guaranteed Cure

for all blood taints and humors, pimples, blotches, eruptions and skin diseases of every name and nature, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. A certificate of guarantee from a responsible business house warrants it to benefit or cure, or money refunded.

Chronic Nasal Catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sage's Remedy. 50 cents, by druggists.

Couldn't Help Himself.

The two men had talked for a time on the train.

"Are you going to hear Barkins lecture tonight?" said one.

"Yes," returned the other.

"Take my advice and don't. I hear it's an awful bore."

"I must go," said the other. "I'm Barkins."—[N. Y. Sun.

Good Advice.

It doesn't pay to do much talking when
you're mad enough to choke,
Because the word that stings the deepest is
the one that's never spoke;
Let the other fellow wrangle till the storm
has blown away,
Then he'll do a heap of thinking 'bout the
things you didn't say.
—[Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

—Be wise in time. You have too many gray hairs for one so young looking. Use Ayer's Hair Renewer, the best preparation out to cure them. Try it.

Feeding the Animals.

The Central Park Menagerie at New York—Nearly a Thousand, With All Sorts of Appetites and Wants.

FAMED as New York is for its hotels, boarding houses and caravanserais, little is known of the domestic economy of one that has more than a national reputation. It is situated in an aristocratic neighborhood, and the register contains the names of 907 inmates. Looking over it you observe that the arrivals are from every nook and corner of the earth, even coming from outlandish places like Demerara, Malacca, Madagascar, Ceylon, Greenland, Guiana and Guinea, the Soudan and the Philippine Islands, Yucatan, Java, Tasmania and Bolivia. Only a few bring trunks with them, but the same delicate consideration is shown all. Their health as well as their comfort is studied.

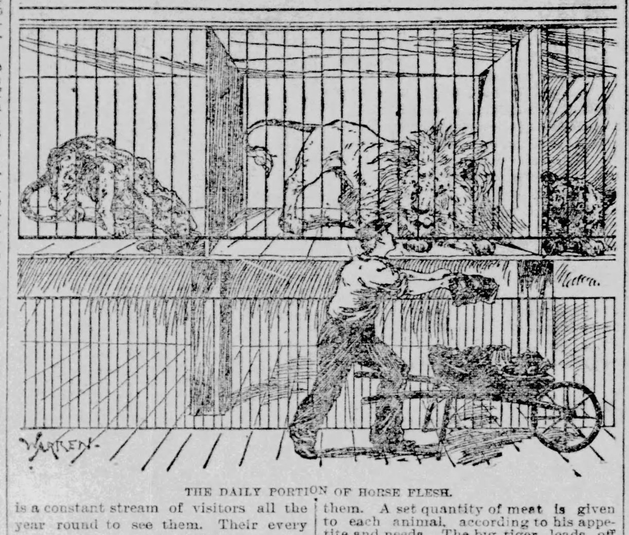
There are no transients among them. And it is not surprising; nowhere else do guests enjoy so many advantages. They have plenty of company, for there is a constant stream of visitors all the year round to see them. Their every want is anticipated, and the concern for their physical welfare is such that at the first sign of lassitude or suffering the attendant physician is summoned and, loses no time in prescribing. Should the patient be so unfortunate as to die, he will have the consolation of a post mortem, and, not unfrequently of an obituary in the newspapers.

The regular life of the inmates accounts for their general good health. One meal a day is the rule, but the consumption of victuals nevertheless is enormous. The bill of fare shows little variety, but what is served is wholesome and there is an abundance of it. The gentlemanly superintendent and solicitous physician are combined in the person of Mr. William A. Conklin. His hotel is the Central Park menagerie, and his guests are representative of every classification in the animal kingdom. The following gives you an idea of the quantity of nourishment they take in the course of a year:

Three hundred and seven thousand eight hundred and nipety-one pounds hay, 689 bushels corn, 350 bushels oats, 125 bags bran, 150 horses, 9,095 pounds fish, 2,915 quarts milk, 32,850 pounds bread, 17 bushels seed, 100 barrels apples, 44 barrels carrots, 850 heads cabbage.

The actual cost of this supply in 1889 was $9,868.99, so that the average expense to the city of each of Mr. Conklin's guests was $6.47. This estimate would strike Tip, the senior elephant, as a huge joke, while the three-toed sloth and the kinkajou might regard the bill as exorbitant. The cost of medicine administered to the sick in the same time was only $21.30, or between two and three cents per head. The animals that eat meat had to have ice, of course; the bill for that was $141.25; for heating in winter, $1,905.25; riding from steamer or station to park, $180.20.

The regular dinner hour at the menagerie is 2 o'clock. To remind them it has come the animals need no going of steam whistle. Should the keepers fail to appear with their baskets and trucks at the appointed hour an uproar would be loosed beside which Bedlam would be a puig's whisper. As it is, the lions, panthers, tigers and all the cat family begin to show uneasiness as the hour of 2 approaches, stalking up and down with glaring eyes and lashing their flanks with their tails. The elephant changes from his customary attitude of receiving the small boys' gifts, shifts in a sew-saw fashion from one ponderous foot to another, and his trunk quivers in the air expectantly. The camel lets out another link in his neck and the pupil of his sapient eye distends. All the monkeys—the Guinea baboon, the maudrill, the pig-tailed and the spider monkey, and all the other quaint fellows—begin to chatter and scratch themselves furiously; the tears rub their noses and waddle to the front bars of their great iron house, and the pelicans yawp at the barking seals.



THE DAILY PORTION OF HORSE FLESH.

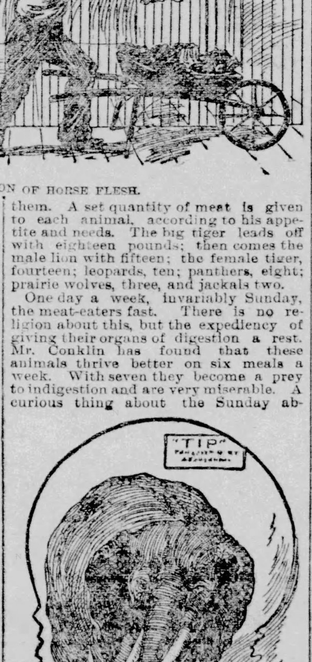
What is one animal's meat is another animal's poison, and the largest beasts eat no flesh at all. The elephant, for instance, finds hay good enough for him; he tucks away a bale of it every day. He is one of the privileged guests and eats morning and afternoon. In the summer grass is substituted for hay. It is cut in the park and is served to him as green and fresh as young lettuce. The American and Cape buffaloes, the camels and the deer, also find hay and grass strengthening, the larger animals eating about 25 pounds a day. But they cannot live by hay alone. The deer has, in addition, a pint of corn daily, which puts fat on his ribs, and the other animals enjoy a quart of oats.

The bears are tremendous bread eaters. Ten loaves a day is the portion of each of them. Superintendent Conklin would like to give them corn bread, but it's not on the market. He says it would hardly pay him to establish a bakery for the bears and other bread-eating animals, in spite of their amazing appetites, so they are forced to put up with wheaten loaves. The experiment of feeding meat to the bears has been tried, but it makes their hair fall out, and a bald bear would get scant attention from the children. Twice a week the big white Polar bear has a change of diet: a bluefish, a mess of tomcods, or any other fish in season, being thrown to him. He is not squeamish about the freshness of it, and the other bears do not disturb him as he bolts it, bones and all. This is a concession to his Arctic origin, and one of the tidbits that Host Conklin allows his best behaved animals to regale themselves on. His bearship could manage to make out on a straight diet of white bread.

Such a regimen, however, would ill suit the vitals of the cat family. No one could expect the kingly lion, the royal Bengal tiger, the spotted leopard, and the sinewy jaugar to put up with baked flour and water, and they don't. They eat flesh with red blood in it. Had they a choice of meats, they would prefer juicy kid, or the second cut of the sirloin of a beef; but the taxpayer couldn't stand that; New York would soon be in the hands of the sheriff. The dish these noble animals eat is horse, and old horse at that. When the New York horse gets rheumatic in his joints, wheezy in his bellows, and hangs his head down to his knees, he still has a chance to escape the phosphate yard; he may be urged up to the park, knocked down by the horse butcher, cut into steaks and chops, and eaten by the king or queen of beasts. Superintendent Conklin keeps a regular butcher to cut up the meat of his cat family. As may be seen by the above table they ate 155 horses last year.

These animals are rather particular about the way their meat is put upon the table. They turn up their noses at fat, and refuse sinew and gristle. The meat is given to them stripped of these, and without bone, which they cannot digest. An exception must be made in the case of the hyena, whose digestive organ is as elastic and assimilating as that of a Harlem goat in the theatrical or moving season. The hyena gets bones and gulps them. A set quantity of meat is given to each animal, according to his appetite and needs. The big tiger leads off with eighteen pounds; then comes the male lion with fifteen; the female tiger, fourteen; leopards, ten; panthers, eight; prairie wolves, three, and jackals two.

One day a week, invariably Sunday, the meat-eaters fast. There is no religion about this, but the expediency of giving their organs of digestion a rest. Mr. Conklin has found that these animals thrive better on six meals a week. With seven they become a prey to indigestion and are very miserable. A curious thing about the Sunday abstinence is that the beasts know when the day comes round as surely as a divine who has two sermons and a christening on his mind. Two o'clock Sunday excites no craving in the stomach of the Central Park tiger. While on a week day he is prowling and expectant as the time comes on, Sunday finds him drowsy, inert and indifferent. The sight of the keeper who usually brings him his food, does not stir him from his recumbent posture.



A BOARDER WHO LUNCHES ALL DAY.

DINING IN MILITARY ORDER.

Now the monkey is nicer in his diet. By reason of his extremely human appearance he is privileged to eat twice a day; morning and afternoon. His first meal is on bread and milk, and his dinner consists of boiled rice and apples. Occasionally, as a treat, he gets a carrot. It is great fun watching the monkeys dine. They are terrible gluttons, and shy in their gluttony. The strong eat first, and the weak sit back and grimace and chatter in sharp anguish. When the larger apes are surfeited they snatch up some tidbit—an apple or a brown crust—and hold it behind their backs. After a while they invariably forget all about the morsel and drop it. The shivering little monkeys, who have prudently remained in the background until the big fellows have made a clean sweep of the best portions, rush to the front and fight for the discarded fragment, biting, scratching, and strangling one another, and shrieking out monkey oaths in a high key.

As a gastronomic show, however, that of the pelicans is the most unique and amusing. As soon as the keeper appears these long-billed, grotesque birds get into line like a lot of soldiers. Fish is their food, and nothing else, three pounds per pelican. The keeper, passing in front of bird No. 1, throws him a two-foot fish. With a gape that almost divides him in two the pelican catches the fish dexterously and attempts to swallow it whole. He succeeds if he hasn't seized it tail first, in which case he has to disgorge it and try it again. Pelican No. 2 has now opened himself greedily and a fish is fired at him. It is in his crop by the time No. 3 has attracted the attention of the keeper; and so on down the line, to the paroxysms of delight of the children.

The seals and sea lions share an enclosure with the pelicans, and also live on fish. They have hard times getting their own when their long-billed chums are ravenous, but the seals are full of fight and respond to every yawp of the pelicans with a menacing bark.

The alligators are horse-eaters. Their portion is ten pounds a day, from about May to October. During the winter they eat nothing, lying most of the time in a comatose state. The snakes dine once a fortnight. The boa and the python gorge themselves with a pigeon or a rabbit apiece. The rabbits and the pigeons are bred in the park for the purpose, as are also the toads and white rats which are given to the smaller snakes.

The lurly hippopotamus has two meals a day: in the morning a pail of crushed oats and two pails of bran mixed together; and in the afternoon ten loaves of bread. The baby hippopotamus, now

MISS MURPHY AND THE BABY AT BREAKFAST.

several weeks old, is still suckling, but occasionally he picks up a bit of bread and stows it away. Mr. and Mrs. Hippopotamus take their bread in a very undignified fashion. It is thrown to them by the keepers, and they catch it in their cavernous mouths without blinking. The rhinoceros has the same *menu*. Pap won't do for the eagles. They want stouter stuff, and horseflesh fills the bill. The vultures are in the same category. At 2 o'clock daily several pounds of horseflesh are thrown into the big cage, and the birds partake of it at their pleasure.

The cockatoos, parrots and like birds sustain life on bread soaked in water. The soft bill birds generally eat prepared mocking bird food. The hard bill birds, like the jackdaw, robin, thrush, and black bird get a few scraps of meat every day. If the ostrich had an appetite like the pelican's, his capacity for stowing away grub would be enormous, but he is satisfied with a quart of corn a day and three loaves of bread cut up into cubes. The swans are corn-eaters in summer, but in winter they take kindly to cabbage, devouring a great quantity of it. The little prairie dog has a tooth for apples, which he varies with corn and hay. He is a modest little fellow and keeps very much to himself in his hole in winters.

In catering to his animals Superintendent Conklin has made a singular discovery: it is that the meat eaters, like the cat family, weigh more and enjoy better health if fed once a day instead of twice, on the same quantity of food.

The size of the medicine bill, $21.30, is the best certificate of the health of the animals. If they were human beings, and registered physicians had their signs exhibited about the premises, ailments would be legion and a drug store would be indispensable. The chief concern of Superintendent Conklin is to adjust the temperature in winter to the circulation of his wards. In the monkey houses, for instance, the thermometer must stand between 65° and 70°. Antelopes and other indoor animals, such as the elephants, lions and tigers, whose origin is semi-tropical, must have a temperature of at least 60°.

The camels, buffalos, Barbary wild sheep and deer need no more protection in the rigorous season than is afforded by their woolen coats in the open air. The deer, in fact, are friskiest when the earth is mantled with snow, and they prefer it to lie in to their bedding of hay.

Of the sicknesses that afflict the denizens of the menagerie, congestion of the lungs is the only one that excites grave apprehension. Crowley and Kitty, the famous chimpanzes, whose intelligence was almost human, succumbed to it, and so did the baby hippotamus born during 1889. He lived but four days, and an autopsy showed that his right lung was congested. Recently the rhinoceros began to fail and his ailment was diagnosed as a severe cold. A quart of whisky and Jamaica ginger was administered to him two or three times a day and he pulled through.

Last year a lioness, two pumas, a llama, emu and sea eagle were taken down with pneumonia and passed over to the majority. The usual post-mortem was held, and they were then stuffed and mounted for the Museum of Natural History. Among other losses were some birds in the aviary that were eaten by rats, and an elk which died of old age. He was killed and cut up by the butcher, and the stomachs of the cat family were surprised with a treat of venison. If the lions and tigers catch cold a dose of powdered quinine is given to them in their food. They sometimes suffer from dyspepsia, and a meal of liver set before them is readily devoured and acts as a cathartic.

They seldom need treatment, however, for any trouble except ingrowing nails. In a savage state they keep their nails pared down by clawing the trunks of trees. In captivity the nails grew long and sometimes penetrate the flesh of their paws. It then becomes necessary to relieve the pain by removing its cause. A looped rope is thrown down on the floor of the cage, the animal's paws are caught in it and he is dragged to the bars in such a position that the wound can be operated upon. Pincers and a clip with a pair of sharp shears do the work, and the beast is released sound and cured. There is absolutely no danger in this treatment. In fact, the keepers never enter the cages if it can be avoided.

Dressmakers' Phrases.

The terms used by dressmakers are an unknown language to the uninitiated. "Drops," "bias," "side-form," "kilts," etc., all are readily understood by the sisters of fashion modelers. Other sisters, however, may be in ignorance of their true meaning, and to such the following definitions will be interesting:

A "drop" is a skirt made up of the dress material, independent of the lining, and then hung or dropped over it, from the same belt. A "bias," or "dart," is a seam taken in the waist, which fits it to the figure. A "side-form" is an additional seam made under the arm, to give a smoother effect to the waist, and a "kilt" is a skirt entirely of plaits. There are various kinds of plaiting. Knife plaiting is very narrow folds, all going one way, and pressed down. An accordian skirt is one in which the plaiting is done after the manner of an accordion. There are machines for doing it—indeed, it cannot be done save by machinery and heat. Box plaiting is a fold to the right and one to the left. The number of terms is infinite and increases as fashion changes.

An Artful Girl.

She—You men have canes and gloves to carry, but tell me, Mr. Cussimeer, what can we girls do with our hands?

He—Really, I don't know. (With a sudden inspiration)—Why, give 'em away, of course! Evelyn, darling, I love you; slip this ring on yours and I'll run up and strike the old man.—[American Grocer.

A Reason for Everything.

Walker—Weeks has got fearfully round shoulders, hasn't he? He never does any work, does he?

Wentman—No, but you ought to see the load of debts he has to carry!—[American Grocer.

Always Kicking.

Miss Battersley (complaining spinster)—"I will be obliged to go there soon; what sort of a country is it—wretched, I suppose?"

Mr. Patterson—"Why, it's a land flowing with milk and honey."

Miss Battersley—"How dreadfully bad the flies must be there!"

Scrofula

Is the most ancient and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its suffering slaves. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck or goitre, humor in the eyes, causing partial or total blindness yield to the powerful effects of this medicine.

The Worst Type.

"My son was afflicted with the worst type of scrofula, and on the recommendation of my druggist I gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla. Today he is sound and well, notwithstanding it was said there was not enough medicine in Illinois to effect a cure." J. CHRISTIAN Hilpolis, Ill. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

COPYRIGHTED.

Always open

—the offer made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It's a reward of $500 cash for an incurable case of catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing. They'll carry it out, too. It's one thing to make the offer. It's a very different thing to make it good. It couldn't be done, except with an extraordinary medicine. But that's what they have. By it's mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. It doesn't simply palliate for a time, or drive the disease to the lungs. It produces a perfect and permanent cure. Try it and see.

If you can't be cured, you'll be paid.

The only question is—are you willing to make the test, if the makers are willing to take the risk?

If so, the rest is easy. You pay your druggist fifty cents and the trial begins.

If you're wanting the $500 you'll get something better—*a cure!*

DID BYRON KISS THE BABY?

A Native Greek Congressman With a Very Romantic History.

The next Congress will have among its members a native, full-blooded Greek, the first man of that race who ever held a seat in the Congress of the United States.

Leonidas M. Miller is the man referred to. As the Democratic nominee for Congress he finds himself unexpectedly elected to represent the Sixth district of Wisconsin. Miller is not an Hellenic name, and Mr. Miller does not know his patronymic, neither does he speak the language of his ancestors.

His early history is romantic. He was a waif picked up upon the battlefield of Missolonghi in 1824, and takes his name from his preserver and benefactor, Col. J. P. Miller, of Vermont. The latter was a man of some wealth and an ardent sympathizer with the Greeks in their struggle for independence. About the same time that Lord Byron went to aid the Greeks Col. Miller went also, and, more fortunate than the poet, was able to render valuable service in the field to that people, and afterward, when their independence was won, to bring over several cargoes of American provisions and clothing to distribute among them.

It was he who picked up the infant Leonidas on the battlefield, brought him back to Vermont, educated him and gave him the means to start comfortably in life. We have called him Leonidas because that should be his name, but, as a matter of fact, we understand that it is Lucius, a Roman name.

Mr. Miller studied law and was admitted to the bar, but if he ever practiced his profession, soon abandoned it for the more lucrative business of money-loaning and operations in real estate. He settled in Oskosh about 40 years ago, and was a member of the assembly in 1853. In that body he only attracted attention by one brief and well-prepared speech on a subject now forgotten; it was neat in style and gracefully delivered.

HE WAS HUGGED.

How a Life-Saving Crew Captain Was Embraced.

"On August 25, 1884, I was on a steamer in Toronto bay when a young lady fell overboard. The boat in backing stirred up the mud from the bottom, and the water was so dirty that I could not see the girl," says Capt. Andrews to a Detroit *Journal* reporter. "However, I dived at random, and by luck went right into her arms. There was nothing modest about that girl's behavior. She threw her arms around my neck and her legs around my waist. She hugged me so tight that I could do practically nothing. Those who saw the affair say that when we rose to the surface my eyes stood out like saucers and my face was blue with the hugging she gave me. Now, I could stand that sort of thing under the proper conditions, but on this occasion it was very embarrassing. What I did may also be of service to any person who may be subject to such an inconvenient hugging. I sank with the girl. In almost every case, when a drowning person clings to a rescuer, if the latter sinks, the drowning one will let go his hold, thinking that the rescuer is about to drown. It worked so in this case. The girl let go, and she rose to the surface. Then I grasped her by the back hair and towed her to the wharf. It took three-quarters of an hour to bring her to life. Then she was rolled up in blankets and taken to her home.

"About four years after that I was standing on a Toronto street when a woman with a child came down the opposite side of the street. When she saw me she ran across the street, and throwing her arms about my neck, kissed me, and then held up her little girl to be kissed. My friend's mouth stood wide open with astonishment, but his surprise was overcome, when she turned to him and said:

"'Four years ago the captain saved my life, and I've never seen him since.'

"Turning to me, she said: 'You see, captain, I'm married now, but let me tell you I never hug my husband as I did you the day you pulled me out of Toronto bay.'"

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?

Twenty Questions to Which Most People Can't Answer "No"

1. Do you believe in witches, spirits, elves, fairies, vampires, ghouls, ogres, imps, gnomes, bogies, brownies, pixies or leprechauns?
2. Do you not believe in an evil genius?
3. Do you believe in the evil eye?
4. Does it make any difference to you how you see the moon?
5. Do you mind crossing a funeral procession?
6. Would you pass a night in a graveyard, with a corpse in a church or in a charnel house?
7. Dou you wear anything which can be considered in the nature of a talisman or mascot?
8. Did you ever employ anything as a talisman?
9. Do you attach any meaning to a four-leafed clover?
10. Would you willingly pass under a ladder?
11. Do you feel uncomfortable when you spill salt?
12. Would you sit down with 13 at a table?
13. Would you start on a trip on a Friday or would you defer commencing an important work on that day?
14. Do you attach any particular importance to certain numbers, especially to three, seven and nine?
15. Would you give a child the same name as that of one who had just died?
16. Are you afraid of the dark?
17. Did you ever have your fortune told by a gypsy, astrologer, cards or similar tests?
18. Were you ever made uneasy by hearing the insect commonly known as the death-watch?
19. Would you venture to knock three times at midnight on the door of an empty church?
20. Do you believe in dreams, omens, portents, signs, warnings, harbingers or handwritings on the wall?—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Proof.

First Britisher—There goes the duke of Muddy Water. He's an absolutely worthless fellow.

Second ditto—Worthless? Oh, I don't know.

First Britisher—Yes, he is. He has been refused by three American heiresses.

Second ditto—You don't say so. Well, he must be worthless.—[Life.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

Turned the Tide.

AMONG the many little events which go to make up the history of the private soldier in the war of the rebellion, says a writer in the New York *Press*, the following episode, which will be remembered by every survivor of the old Corcoran legion, is of rare interest: When Gen. Grant took the command of the united armies of the United States in 1864, he made his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac, and every available man, regiment or brigade was at once called to the front and set to work.

The Corcoran legion had been stationed at Suffolk, Va. It had received a light experience in battle at the Blackwater, but Grant had sterner work for its members to do, and in May, 1864, they were ordered to the front and reported promptly. They were assigned to the 2d Div. of the 2d Corps, Army of the Potomac, and their first real baptism of fire under the heroic Hancock was at Spottsylvania, where, supported by Carroll's brigade, they made a glorious though unsuccessful charge.

At North Anna, on May 24, shortly before dark, the 69th and 170th New York Vols. of the Corcoran legion were advanced in line of battle on the left, and soon engaged the enemy. It became very hot, and shot and shell flew about promiscuously. But the Confederate line was the longer, so both flanks were turned, and the boys were gradually forced back.

At this juncture Col. Thomas A. Smyth, then commanding Carroll's brigade, to which the 69th and 170th New York had been attached for the purpose of this movement, and who had been for the second time in the campaign wounded at Spottsylvania, May 18, turned to Private Joseph W. Kay, of Co. B, 10th N. Y. Vols., and who was serving as mounted orderly, and said:

"Boy, ride for that fence and halt those colors there!"

No sooner said than done, and the colors were halted. The boys of the 69th—for such it proved to be—rallied around them, and in less time than it takes to tell it they were back again in the thickest of the fight. This had the effect of steadying the entire line, and produced a marked effect on the fortunes of the day.

Such incidents as this were frequently known to turn the tide of battle at an opportune moment, and thousands of such incidents could be related where the private soldier did a whole man's and a brave man's duty when occasion required, Private Kay was wounded and had a horse shot under him in one of the battles of the Wilderness, and at Cold Harbor he received wounds from which he has ever since suffered.

What it Cost to be Loyal.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Dan Knight, in THE BLADE of November 27, strikes the key-note of Southern federalism, or Unionism of the South.

He only gives, however, a fair sample of what the loyalists of the South had to undergo. They were not situated like the Northern soldiers. When opportunity afforded the latter could send home their money, or visit their families or their friends in perfect safety, to see that their loved ones were properly fed and clothed. When I read Dan's article it brought a manly tear. Surely, "truth is mightier than fiction."

We had to go one way or the other, those days, and many would rather be shot down than to join the rebel army. We were compeled to leave family and friends in the rear, probably never to see them again. We did not ask the government to pay 8 per cent interest on a loan of $63,000 worth of bone and sinew; 8% per cent on $10,000, or 9 per cent on $65,000, or 9¼ per cent on $77,000, or 10 per cent on $1,027,300, or 10½ per cent on $300,000, or 11 per cent on $1,433,700, or 12 per cent on $4,840,000! But we each took a musket and $13 a month in depreciated currency, with the understanding that if the fortune of war favored us some of us could send to our families or friends, that which in 1864 would buy our wives three calico dresses, or a barrel of flour. Yes, we knew what it cost to be loyal.

But the business men were glad at last to lend the government money at 8 per cent, and bonds went up to 27 per cent premium, while bone and sinew went down to 1-32d, of 1 per cent. Now, the government never made but two contracts—one for money and one for bone and sinew. The one for money has been fulfilled, both as to the letter and the spirit of the law. Boys, what has been done with the second contract? The Democratic "landslide" last November answers the question—the "Boy in Blue" did this thing. Congressmen from every stump in 1888, promised that if the "Boy" would only send them to Congress, the first thing they would do, would be to pass an equitable pension bill. What did they do? Got up the Grover Cleveland pauper bill! The "boys" flooded them with postal cards, and they modified it, and called it the "disability bill." The government did not want the paupers in 1861-65, but had need for them in 1890! I know it is said that the Farmers' Alliance, the McKinley bill, and the weak-kneed Republicans did it. The McKinley bill is all right, and had nothing to do with the "wave;" it was broken promises that did it. We cannot expect anything at the hands of the Democrats in the shape of an equitable pension bill, but it was necessary to give the men who had broken their promise a back seat, in order that two years hence we can bring into power a class of men that will keep and fulfill every promise they make their constituents. It was necessary to teach the Eastern Congressmen (who are, and always have been friendly to the bondholders, and bitter and unjust to the soldier) that the soldier and the soldier's friends hold the balance of power, and that they will vote for men who favor justice to them. I desire to say that as Virginia veterans fully appreciate the Northern soldiery—"God bless them!"—S. L. BARBER, Co. I, 11th W. Va., Vol. Inft.

Nothing Funny About It.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—After knocking around among the various hospitals about nine months, I finally found myself in Chattanooga, September 10, 1863, where I was detailed as a sergeant, and placed in command of a fatigue squad, in which position I remained until the 21st. Upon hearing that my regiment was just south of the town, I lost no time in rejoining and going into camp with it. We had lots of duty to perform, on picket and fatigue, and building forts and breastworks. The 74th was stationed in rear of Fort Negley, and about 40 rods to the right of Fort Woods. While we were building those works Bragg sent his compliments to "Old Rosy," ordering him to get out of Chattanooga or he would shell him out. "Old Rosy" returned the compliment by sending him word to "shell and be d—d," and sure enough, the next morning the rebs opened up all along Missionary ridge and Lookout mountain. They even shelled the picket lines; but it all did no good. "Old Rosy" did not get out. The next morning, while I was on my way from picket to camp, I found a 32-pound rebel shell, with the screw blown out of the peaked end, but full of powder. I hung it on my bayonet and slung it on my shoulder, and as the "cracker" would say, "toted" it to camp. The shell was kicked all through our camp and over into that of the 28th Ohio. On Sunday morning the darkeys belonging to the colonel of the 38th, (and I guess he had nearly a brigade of them) were cooking the colonel's breakfast. The sergeant major thought it would be fine fun to throw that shell into the fire, which he did. The shell, of course, exploded, killing the sergeant major and three or four of the darkies, and cutting off arms and legs and in other ways maiming and wounding several more. Next time I will relate how Campbell's "pard" got the surgeon's smoked shoulder.—C. H. W., Co. A, 74th Ind.

Pensioners and the Shylocks.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—It has been suggested by the secretary of the Treasury that pensioners be paid each month. The proposed *modus operandi* provides for a certain number of agencies, which makes the disbursement of pensions to each agency quarterly. Such an arrangement would be very convenient, especially to those who are totally dependent for support on their pension. The pensioner usually owes the quarterly stipend when due. Should he die a few days before drawing the pension, it would embarrass his creditors and his family, whereas, if only a month in arrears, it could be easily adjusted. The credit of the old soldier is not always at a premium, but he could get credit for a single month more easily than for three months. Early pensioners were paid semi-annually. The pensioner would repair to his agent and execute his voucher, the money to be sent to his agent. Perhaps the beneficiary may have been drawing $1 per month. He may live some distance away, and about the time he thinks his "mite" has arrived, he again hies himself to the office of his agent, anxious to know, "Has it come? No, I hasn't; expect it every day." (The agent may at that very time have the money in his possession.)

"Well, I am sorry, I need it bad!"

He starts to leave the room; he gets to the door; he turns about and asks:

"Could you advance me the small amount? You are perfectly safe, as it is sent in your care."

"Really, I have not got that amount about me."

The vetern turns to go, but the agent tells him to wait; he will see. He meanders to a safe, fumbles around, and finally he fishes out of a tin box some money. He says he has only $8. The poor devil knows the agent lies, but he is desperate, and replies:

"Give me $4. I owe $2 that I agreed to pay two days ago, and must have the money!"

The pensioner takes $4, allowing the "shark" to keep $2 out of the $6 for the "accommodation." The soldier takes the money and goes his way, pays his debt, and then waits six months for its repetition. Thus it went until the thing was changed by sending the check direct to the pensioner. I personally knew several of these "Shylocks." The extortion goes on to-day, even where extensively than ever. The old soldier will always be the goose plucked by pension sharks, unless Uncle Sam squelches them, root and branch. I am sorry to know some of these pension agents are ex-soldiers. Some of them good ones, too—but they will rob their fellow-comrades without a twinge of conscience. The pensioner usually has to pay for cashing his check (no matter how small the amount) 25 cents. Some few bankers, however, will cash them free of charge.—PENSIONER.

Down in Alabama.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Please allow the son of a Confederate soldier to throw a "chunk" on the fire. I will first say that I deeply sympathize with the comrade who wrote an article from Atlanta, Ga. I can bear testimony to the truth of every word he says. A Republican, or a Union soldier, in most of the Southern states, commands no more respect from the Bourbon element of the South than an African slave did in 1859. There is just as much hatred existing in the mind of the old Bourbon now as there ever was, notwithstanding the great "hue and cry" now being made about sectionalism being dead. Sectionalism will never die in the South as long as there is a trace of Bourbonism remaining. I warn the comrades of the North to be not deceived; there is no good will existing here among the Bourbons for any man that lives in the North who does not endorse their nefarious methods of governing the South. I was raised in the South, have been here all my life (37 years), and I know just what I am talking about. My father was a Union man, but, like hundreds and thousands of others in the South, was forced into the rebel army. I am now, and always have been, an uncompromising Republican, and have suffered untold hardships and miseries on account of it. The Bourbons in the South have no more regard for me, where it affects them, than a "hog has for Sunday." Republicans may be murdered in cold blood, and yet, in a great many instances, the murderers are never even arrested; and when they are arrested, they are seldom convicted of murder. Comrades of the North, do you endorse such actions? If not, come to the front in 1892 and give Bourbonism a "set-back" for one hundred years. The salvation of the Southern Republicans depends to a great extent on the North and West; for unless the federal elections bill is passed and then properly enforced, the Republicans of some of the Southern states will be compelled to stop voting the ticket or migrate somewhere else. Comrades, don't be deceived by this "spider and fly" business.—C. Y. ROBBINS.

A Chestnut Splinter.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Here is a little chestnut "splinter." I was one of Uncle Sam's boys for nearly three years, and, of course, "saw the elephant" in all his glory more than once in that time. I had the sat

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.

2. Do not ask us where you can buy or sell anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. In replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Aaron Burr.

S. H., Kalamazoo, Mich.: Aaron Burr was born at Newark, N. J., February 6, 1756, and died in New York September 14, 1836. He graduated at the college of New Jersey and served in the continental army in the revolution, reaching the rank of colonel. He was subsequently admitted to the bar and moved to New York city. In 1791 he was elected to the United States Senate. He had a genius for political organization, and soon brought his party, the anti-Federalists, into a state of efficient discipline. The Federalists united with a small number of young men of his party that gathered about him the Little Band. It was to his efforts that the success of his party in the presidential contest was due.

Burr was elected vice-president, serving from 1801 to 1805. In 1804 a coalition was arranged between the New England Federalists, who were hopeless of victory in their South, and Burr's followers. As a part of this scheme, Burr was first nominated for governor against the candidate of the Clintons, the Livingstons and the Schuylers, the great New York families who had been supreme in that state. Alexander Hamilton's personal efforts did much to defeat Burr. The celebrated duel between the two followed, ending, as is well known, in Hamilton's death.

This is the last of Burr in politics. He was subsequently arrested on a charge of treason based on an expedition to the west, the design of which was said to be the establishment of another republic west of the Rocky Mountains. He was acquitted. After several years spent abroad, he settled down to the practice of law in New York city. In consequence of Burr's duel with Hamilton, in which the latter met his death, Burr was indicted in New York and in New Jersey for murder. He went West, and made an extensive tour, in the course of which he made preparations for a mysterious, but gigantic scheme. The real object of this is unknown. It is either to separate the Mississippi Valley from the rest of the Union, and to erect it into a new nation, or to conquer Mexico. In 1806 he gathered a number of reckless persons about him and started for the region of Mexico ostensibly on a colonizing expedition.

President Jefferson issued a proclamation warning citizens against joining the expedition. Burr was arrested by Jefferson's orders brought back to Virginia and indicted there by a United States court jury for treason, and for misdemeanor based on his course in levying war within this country on a friendly nation, but it was hoped that Burr could also be shown to have had treasonable designs against the unity of this country. He was acquitted of treason for want of jurisdiction on the failure of the evidence required by the constitution; he was also acquitted of misdemeanor. He was bound over to present himself for trial in Ohio but the matter was pressed no further. One of Burr's dupes in this scheme was Herman Blennerhasset who was also arrested but was discharged after Burr's acquittal.

John M. Clayton.

E. T. C., Chatsworth, Ill.: J. M. Clayton was born in Dagsborough, Sussex county, Delaware, July 24, 1796, and died at Dover, Delaware, November 9, 1856. He was the eldest son of James Clayton (a descendant of Joshua, of that name, who came to America with William Penn) and Susanna Middleton, of Virginian ancestry. The pecuniary disasters consequent upon the war of 1812 reduced his father from affluence to comparative poverty, and it was only during the greatest exertions that he was able to send his son to college. He was graduated at Yale in 1815, studied law at the Litchfield law school, began to practice in 1818, and soon obtained eminence in his profession. In 1829 he was sent to the legislature, and was subsequently secretary of state.

In 1829 he was sent to the United States Senate, and in 1837 was appointed a member of the convention to revise the constitution of Delaware. In 1845 he was again returned to the Senate as a Whig, but resigned in 1847 to become chief justice of Delaware, an office which he held for three years. From 1849 to 1850 he again sat in the United States senate, and on the latter date became secretary of state under President Taylor, and was succeeded by Daniel Webster on the accession of President Fillmore. He was elected senator for the third time, and served in that capacity from March, 1851, until his death. He early distinguished himself in the Senate by a diplomatic performance that compelled the admiration of his country, had killed one who was the enemy of Jehovah as well as of Syria. Whatever the particular exploit referred to was, it had given Naaman a great position at the court of Benhadad. He was commander-in-chief of the army and was nearest to the person of the king whom he accompanied officially, and supported when he went to worship in the temple of Rimmon. He was afflicted with a leprosy of the white kind which had hitherto defied cure.

The circumstances of his visit to Elisha are well known to Bible readers. His request to take away two mules' burden of earth is not easy to understand. The natural explanation is that with a feeling akin to that which prompted the Pisan invaders to take away the earth of Aceldama for the Campo Santo at Pisa, the grateful convert of Jehovah wished to take away some of the earth of His country to form an altar But in the biblical narrative there is no mention of an altar.

How long Naaman lived to worship the God of Jehovah, while serving officially at the worship of Rimmon, we do not know.

P. E. Arline
At Home
January 1st to December 31st

Makes home cleaner, brighter and better. Cleaner—because it takes away what soap and other things leave. Brighter—because it does away with labor and hard work. Better—because it saves wear and tear on everything it touches, and nothing can be hurt by it.

Pearline "receives" every day. It gets blessing from millions of old friends—pleasant calls from a host of new ones. The best families welcome it. It goes everywhere. But it's "a stayer." When it once makes a call upon you, it stays forever—and you're glad to have it.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—*send it back.* 345 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

Wealth of Nations.

W. S. W., Grant City, Mo.: The total estimated value of the wealth of nations, as estimated in 1880, the latest we have at hand, is as follows:

Argentine Republic	$ 1,660,000,000
Austria	18,035,000,000
Australia	2,950,000,000
Belgium	4,000,000,000
Canada	3,500,000,000
Denmark	1,850,000,000
France	40,800,000,000
Germany	31,715,000,000
Great Britain and Ireland	43,600,000,000
Greece	1,155,000,000
Italy	11,750,000,000
Mexico	3,190,000,000
Netherlands	4,935,000,000
Norway	1,410,000,000
Portugal	1,555,000,000
Russia	21,715,000,000
Spain	7,995,000,000
Sweden	3,475,000,000
Switzerland	3,150,000,000
United States	47,475,000,000

Generals of the Army.

J. C. D., Renrock, O.: The following is a list of the commanders-in-chief of the United States army:

George Washington	1775–1783
Henry Knox	1783–1784
Josiah Harmar	1784–1791
Arthur St. Clair	1791–1796
James Wilkinson	1796–1798
George Washington	1798–1799
James Wilkinson	1800–1812
Henry Dearborn	1812–1815
Jacob Brown	1815–1828
Alexander Macomb	1828–1841
Winfield Scott	1841–1861
George B. McClellan	1861–1862
Henry W. Halleck	1862–1864
Ulysses S. Grant	1864–1869
William T. Sherman	1869–1883
Philip H. Sheridan	1883–1888
John M. Schofield	1888–

Losses in the Rebellion.

Inquirer, Toledo, O.: 1.—The losses of the Union armies in the war of the rebellion are thus tabulated in Phisterer's "Statistical Record":

Killed in battle	43,298
Died of wounds and injuries	49,205
Suicide, homicide and execution	523
Died of disease	186,216
Unknown causes	24,184
Total	304,369

There are no reliable figures as to the losses on the Confederate side.

2.—It is estimated that 70,000 persons die in the United States every year from diseases produced by the abuse of liquor.

Miscellaneous.

N. L. C., Bolivar, Mo.: We are unable to go into the state laws of Missouri.

G. J. S., Mt. Ene, Ill.: We would advise you to consult some lawyer in regard to what law books to read while studying for the bar.

G. T. M., Owasso, Mich.: We do not know whether or not any of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were lost at sea.

L. K., Wichita, Kan.: Senator Ingalls was active in support of the "Arrears of Pension" bill, but we do not recollect whether he introduced it or not.

S. F., Kalamazoo, Mich.: Dr. Scott, who wrote the "Pioneer Sketches" for THE BLADE, is still living, but is not the Dr. Scott who is a relative of President Harrison.

P. N., Waggoner, Ill.: 1.—A foreigner can purchase government lands, and in most states buy or sell real estate; some states, however, have laws against it. 2.—If you will make your question a little more clear we will try and answer it.

"Anxious Mother," Los Piedras, N. M.: The name Ethel has but one proper pronunciation—"Eth-el." The e in the first syllable is short, and the word must be pronounced to rhyme with "Bethel." It is never pronounced "E-thel," with the first e long.

Greenback Labor Party.

L. K. C., Oil City, Pa.: The demand for agricultural products on the part of the government during the war tended to render the farmer prosperous; their prosperity was increased by the payment in greenbacks of debts previously contracted, and these concurrent circumstances have tended to make agriculturists seek a look on the unlimited issue of paper money as the cure for all economic evils. A convention of greenbackers was held in 1874, and it was resolved that it was desirable to have all bank currency withdrawn and only National currency issued, and, moreover, to have the principal of that portion of the National debt now in terms made payable in gold, paid in currency. As early as 1868 this plan had been known as the "Ohio idea." The Democratic party in 1875 showed some leaning toward these views, but soon fell off from them.

In 1876 the Greenbackers held a national convention, and adopting the name of Independent party, nominated Peter Cooper, of New York, for the presidency. The party polled a total of about 80,000 votes. Its strength lay mainly in the agricultural regions, in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas and Michigan. In 1877 the party's vote in the state elections was about 185,000. About this time the labor reform parties assumed greater prominence, and in several states the labor and greenback parties united.

In 1878 a national convention adopted the name of National party. In that year its vote rose to 1,000,000, and a number of national representatives were elected, usually by fusion with whichever party happened to be in the minority in the district. In 1880 James B. Weaver, of Iowa, was nominated for president, polling about 300,000 votes; in 1884 the nominee was Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, who was also the anti-monopoly candidate, the joint ticket being known as the People's party, and the vote was about 130,000.

Naaman the Syrian.

J. J. C., Watertown, N. Y.: A Jewish tradition, at least as old as the time of Josephus identifies Naaman with the archer whose arrow, whether shot at random or not, struck Ahab with his mortal wound and thus gave deliverance to Syria. The most natural explanation perhaps is that Naaman, in delivering his country, had killed one who was

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE ON CHRIST'S BIRTH.

How the Wise Men Went Down to Bethlehem to See the Divine Babe—Lessons Taught by the Scenes Around the Manger.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 28.—Dr. Talmadge's sermon Ho-day was appropriate to the season. His text was Luke ii, 15, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."

Amid a thousand mercies we give each other holiday congratulations. I wish you all in the grandest, noblest and best sense, a merry Christmas. The event commemorated is the gladdest of the centuries. Christ's cradle was as wonderful as his cross. Persuade me of the first and I am not surprised at the last. The door by which he entered was as tremendous as the door by which he went out.

I was last winter at the house where Jesus lived while he was in Africa. It was in Cario, in Egypt, the terminus of that terrible journey which he took when Joseph and Mary fled with him from Bethlehem to Egypt to escape the massacre of Herod. All tradition as well as all history point out this house in Cairo as the one in which these three fugitives lived while in Africa. The room is nine steps down from the level of the street. I measured the room and found it twenty feet long and seven and a half feet high. There are three shelvings of rock, one of which I think was the cradle of our Lord. There is no window, and all the light must have come from lantern or candle. The three arrived here from Bethlehem, having crossed the awful desert.

On the Mediterranean steamer going from Athens to Alexandria, I met the eminent scholar and theologian, Doctor Lansing, who for 35 years has been a resident of Cairo, and he told me that he had been all over the road that the three fugitives took from Bethlehem to Egypt. He says it is a desert way, and that the forced journey of the infant Christ must have been a terrible journey. Going up from Egypt, Doctor Lansing met people from Bethlehem, their tongues swollen and hanging out from the inflammation of thirst, and although his party had but one goatskin of water left, and that was important for themselves, he was so moved with the spectacle of thirst in these poor pilgrims that, though it excited the indignation of his fellow-travelers, he gave water to the strangers.

Over this dreadful route Joseph and Mary started for this land of Egypt. No time to make much preparation. Herod was after them, and what were these peasants before an irate king? Joseph, the husband and father, one night sprang up from his mattress in great alarm, the beads of sweat upon his forehead, and his whole frame quaking. He had dreamed of massacres of his wife and babe. They must be off, that night, right away. Mary put up a few things hastily, and Joseph brought to the door the beast of burden, and helped his wife and child to mount. Why, those loaves of bread are not enough, those bottles of water will not last for such a long way. But there is no time to get anything more. Out and on. Goodbye to the dear home they expect never again to see. Their hearts break. It does not need that ours be a big house in order to make us sorry to leave.

Over the hills and down through the deep gorge they urge their way. By Hebron, by Gaza, through hot sand, under a blistering sun, the babe crying, the mother faint, the father exhausted. How slowly the days and weeks pass. Will the weary three ever reach the banks of the Nile? Will they ever see Cairo? Will the desert ever end? When at last they cross the line beyond which old Herod has no right to pursue, their joy is unbounded. We are at last. Let them dismount and rest. Now they resume their way with less anxiety. They will find a place somewhere for shelter and the earning of their bread. Here they are at Cairo, Egypt.

They wind through the crooked streets, which are about ten feet wide, and enter the humble house where I have been today. But the terminus of the journey of these three fugitives was not as humble as their starting point at Bethlehem. If that journey across the desert ended in a cellar, it started from a barn. In and around that barn in Bethlehem we tarry to-day.

Everything humble around the barn, but everything glorious overhead. Christ's advent was in the hostelry called the House of the Chim Ham; the night with the diamonded finger pointing down to the place; the door of heaven set wide open to look out; from orchestral batons of light dripping the oratorios of the Messiah; on lowest doorstep of heaven the minstrels of God discoursing of glory and good will. Soon after the white-bearded astrologists kneel, and from leathern pouch chink the shekels, and from open sacks exhale the frankincense and rustle out the bundles of myrrh. The loosened star; the escaped doxology of celestials; the chill December night aflush with May morn; our world a lost star; and another star rushing down the sky that night to beckon the wanderer home again, shall yet make all nations keep Christmas.

Are there no new lessons from the story not yet hackneyed by oft repeated? Oh, yes. Know in the first place, it was a sidereal appearance that led the way. Why not a black cloud in the shape of a hand or finger pointing down to the sacred birthplace? A cloud means trouble, and the world had had trouble enough. Why not a shaft of lightning quivering and flashing and striking down to the sacred birthplace? Lightning means destruction, a shattering and consuming power, and the world wanted no more destruction.

But it was a star, and that means joy, that means hope, that means good cheer, that means ascendancy. A star! That means creative power, for did not the morning stars sing together when the portfolio of the worlds was opened? A star! That means defense, for did not the stars fight in their courses against Sisera and for the Lord's people? A star! That means brilliant continuance, for are not the righteous to shine as the stars forever and forever? A star! That means the opening of eternal joy. The day star in the heart. The morning star of the Redeemer.

The Chinese record, of course entirely independent of the Word of God, gives as a matter of history that about the year 1 there was a strange and unaccountable appearance in the heavens. But it may have been a meteor, such as you and I have seen flash to the horizon. I saw, a few years ago, in the northern sky, a star shoot and fall with such brilliancy and precision that I had been on a ship as high as that of Bethlehem on which the shepherds stood, I could have marked within a short distance the place of the alighting. The university of Iowa and the British museum have specimens of meteoric stones picked up in the fields, fragments flung from other worlds, leaving a fiery trail on the sky. So that it is not to me at all improbable, the stellar or the meteoric appearance on that night of which we speak.

But this scene also impresses me with the fact that the wise men of the East came to Christ. They were not fools, they were not imbeciles. The record distinctly says that the wise men came to Christ We say they were the magi, or they were the alchemists, or they were the astrologists, and we say it with appreciating accentuation. Why, they were the most splendid and magnificent men of the century. They were the naturalists and the scientists. They knew all that was known. You must remember that astrology was the mother of astronomy, and that alchemy was the mother of chemistry, and because children are brighter than the mother you do not despise the mother.

It was the lifelong business of these astrologers to study the stars. Twenty-two hundred and fifty years before Christ was born the wise men knew the procession of the equinoxes and they had calculated the orbit and the return of the comets. Prof. Smith declares that he thinks they understood the distance of the sun from the earth. We find in the book of Job that the men of olden time did not suppose the world was flat as some have said, but that he knew and the men of his time knew the world was globular. The pyramids were built for astrological and astronomical study. Then the alchemists spent their lives in the study of metals and gases and liquids and solids, and in filling the world's library with their wonderful discoveries. They were vastly wise men who came from the East, and tradition says the wisest came, Casper, a young man; Balthazar, a man in mid-life, and Melchior, an octogenarian. The three wisest men of all the century. They came to the manger.

So it has always been—the wisest men come to Christ, the brainiest men come to the manger. Who was the greatest metaphysician this country ever produced? Herschel, Jonathan Edwards, the Christian. Who was the greatest astronomer of the world? Herschel, the Christian. Who was the greatest poet ever produced? John Milton, the Christian. Who was the wisest writer on law? Blackstone, the Christian. Why is it that every college and university in the land has a chapel? They must have a place for the wise men to worship. Come now, let us understand in ounces and by inches this whole matter. In post-mortem examination the brain of distinguished men has been examined, and I will find the largest, the heaviest, the mightest brain ever produced in America, and I will ask what that brain thought of Christ. Here it is, the brain weighing 63 ounces, the largest brain ever produced in America. Now let me find what that brain thought of Christ. I find the dying moment that man said: "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief. Whatever else I do, Almighty God, receive me to thyself for Christ's sake. This night I shall be in light and joy and blessedness." So Daniel Webster came to the manger. The wise men of the East followed by the wise men of the West.

It was in closing December that he was born to show that this is a Christ for people in sharp blast, for people under clouded sky, for people with frosted hopes, for people with thermometer below zero. That is the reason he is so often found among the destitute. You can find him on any night coming off the moors. You can see him any night coming through the dark lanes of the city. You can see him putting his hand under the fainting head in the pauper's cabin. He remembers how the wind whistled around the caravansary in Bethlehem that December night, and he is in sympathy with all those who in their poverty hear the shutters clatter on a cold night.

It was this December Christ that Washington and his army worshiped at Valley Forge, when without blankets they lay down in the December snow. It was this Christ that the Pilgrim fathers appealed to when the Mayflower wharfed at Plymouth Rock, and in the years that went by the graves digged were more in number than the houses built. Oh, I tell you we want a December Christ, not a Christ for fair weather, but a Christ for dark days clouded with sickness, and chilling with disappointment, and suffocating with bereavement, and terrific with wide open graves. Not a spring-time Christ, not a summer Christ, not an autumnal Christ, but a winter Christ. Oh, this suffering and strugglilng world needs to be hushed, and soothed, and rocked and lullabied in the arms of sympathetic Omnipotence. No mother ever with more tenderness put her foot on the rocker of the cradle of a sick child than Christ comes down to us, to this invalid world, and he rocks into placidity and quietness as he says: "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

But notice also in this account the three Christmas presents that are brought to the manger. Gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Gold to Christ—that means all the affluence of the world surrendered to him. For lack of money no more asylums limping on their way like the cripples whom they helped, feeling their slow way like the blind people whom they sheltered. Millions of dollars for Christ where there are now thousands for Christ. Railroads owned by Christian stockholders and governed by Christian directors and carrying passengers and freight at Christian prices. George Peabodys and Abbott Lawrences, and James Lenoxes no rarity. Bank of England, Bourse of France, United States treasury, all the moneyed institutions in the world for Christ. The gold for Christ. Gold not merely paid the way of Joseph and Mary and the divine fugitive into Egypt, but it was typical of the fact that Christ's way shall be paid all around the world. The gold for Christ, the silver for Christ, the jewels for Christ. Australia, Nevada, and Golconda for Christ. The bright, round, beautiful jewel of a world set like a solitaire on the bosom of Christ.

But I notice that these wise men also shook out from their sacks the myrrh. The cattle came and they sniffed at it. They did not eat it because it was bitter. The gumgluit gum resin of Abyssinia called myrrh brought to the feet of Christ. That means bitterness. Bitter betrayal, bitter persecution, bitter days of suffering, bitter nights of woe. Myrrh. That is what they put into his cup when he was dying. Myrrh. That is what they put under his head in the wilderness. Myrrh. That is what they strewed his path with all the way from the cattle pen in Bethlehem to the mausoleum of Joseph's country home. Myrrh. Yes, says the Psalmist, "All thy garments smell of myrrh." That is what the wise men wrapped in the swaddling clothes of the babe. That is what the Marys twisted in the shroud of a crucified Christ. The myrrh. Oh, the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of the Saviour's sorrow. Well might the wise men shake out the myrrh.

But I notice also from another sack they shake out the frankincense. Clear up to the rafters of the barn the air is filled with perfume, and the hostlers and the camel drivers in the furthest part of the building inhale it, and it floats out upon the air until passers-by wonder who in that rough place could have by accident dropped a box of alabaster. Frankincese. That is what they burned in the censer in the ancient temple. Frankincense. That means worship. Frankincense. That is to fill all the homes, and all the churches, and all the capitals, and all the nations from cellar of stalactited cave clear up to the silvery rafters of the starlit dome. Frankincense. That is what we shake out from our hearts today, so that the nostrils of Christ once crimsoned with the hemorrhage of the cross shall be flooded with the perfume of a world's adoration. Frankincense. Frankincense in song, and sermon, and offertory, and handshaking, and decoration. Praise him, mountains and hills, valleys and seas, and skies and earth and heaven—cyclone with your trumpets, northern lights with your flaming ensign, morning with your castles of cloud, and evening with your billowing clouds of sunset.

Do you know how they used to hold the censer in the olden time, and what it was made of? Here is a metal pan and the handle by which it was held. In the inside of this metal pan were put living coals, on the top of them a perforated cover. In a square box the frankincense was brought to the temple. Then the frankincense was taken out and sprinkled over the living coals, and then the perforated cover was put on, and when they were all ready for worship, then the cover was lifted from this censer and from all the other censers, and the perfumed smoke arose until it hung amid all the folds and dropped amid all the altars, and then rose in great columns of praise outside or above the temple, rising clear up toward the throne of God. So we have two censers to-day, of Christmas frankincense. Here is the one censer of earthly frankincense. Oh that we put our thanks for the mercies of the past year, the mercies of all our past lives, individual mercies, family mercies, social mercies, national mercies, and our hearts burning with gratitude send aloft the incense of praise toward the throne of Christ. Bring on more incense, and higher and higher let the columns of praise ascend. Let them wreathe all these pillars and hover amid all these arches and then soar to the throne. But here is the other censer of heavenly thanksgiving and worship. Let them bring all their frankincense—the cherubim bring theirs, and the seraphim theirs, and the one hundred and forty and four thousand theirs, and all the eternities theirs, and let them smoke with perfume on this heavenly censer until the cloud canopies the throne of God. Then I take these two censers—the censer of earthly frankincense and the censer of heavenly frankincense—and I swing them before the throne, and then I clash them together in one great Hallelujah unto him to whom the wise men of the East brought the gold and the myrrh and the frankincense. Blessed be His glorious name forever!

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT and Appliances FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

Dyspepsia, General Debility, Female Weakness Nervous Prostration and many other diseases which Drugs and Medicines do not reach.

Cures Rheumatism, Sciatica, Bright's Disease, Torpid Liver, Lame Back, Kidney Complaints, Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nervous Debility, Lack of Energy, Failing Memory, Premature Old Age, Errors of Youth, Indiscretion, Exposure, Varicocele, Stricture, Epilepsy, Fits, Pimples, Blotches, Female Weakness, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Despondency, Pain in the Back, Kidneys, Seminal Emissions, Lumbago, Sciatica, Rheumatism

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1891.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; six months, 50 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 109,000.

WE WANT AGENTS!

THE BLADE pays the largest commissions to agents, and offers the largest inducements for clubs, of any paper in the United States, or in the world, for that matter. Any one wanting to make money should investigate our offers. *Everybody* should write for terms to agents at once! Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

Our China Sets.

The Blade's Offer Being Taken Up By Hundreds.

THE BLADE'S china set premium offer is being largely accepted. We are sending them out by hundreds. Take particular notice of this fact: While, under each offer, a price is made at which we will sell this set (including the Weekly BLADE one year) so low that everybody can afford to buy it; if you will read further you will find terms upon which we will give away these sets—which you will find are even more liberal than the offer to sell; this is because we wish to secure additional clubs for the Weekly BLADE.

Of course, we shall gladly fill all orders for sets in connection with one copy of the Weekly BLADE, because we know there are many who have not time nor inclination to get up a club; but there are others who are so situated as to be able to raise clubs, and we make the most liberal offer possible to them, as clubs are what we want.

The best way is, to enter on the work of getting up a club at once to secure the $20 BLADE dinner set. Almost any one can raise a club of 20 subscribers in a single day; but if you should fall short, you can certainly raise 11, and thus get the 80-piece tea set. Then, after resting a few weeks, you can make another effort and obtain 10 more, for which we will give you the No. 4 set—which, added to the tea set, makes the complete dinner set.

Get at the work at once, for two reasons: first, so as to be before any one else in your neighborhood; second, if you raise one club now, you will get that out of the way, so that later you can raise another, to obtain an additional premium in this line, or on some offer we may make later.

We have a special word to say to the 1,000 and more who obtained the tea set last year, in reply to many inquiries: The No. 4 Blade set is just what you want. It has been made up specially so as to be added to the 80-piece set and make a complete dinner set. So go to work at once to secure the No. 4.

It is a proved fact that the 80-piece tea set, which we offer for $7 with the Weekly BLADE one year, or which we *give* for 11 subscribers and $11, can not be bought at retail at the stores for less than $15 or $16; and the same holds true as to the other offers.

Read the advertisement on the 5th page. It is really a remarkable offer. If the sets cost us nothing, we should make but a narrow margin of profit. Offered as they are with THE BLADE, we make no profit at all—merely wishing to extend our circulation, and help our friends and subscribers to a first-class article.

Renewals will count the same as new subscribers in getting up clubs for this premium.

Don't wait! Begin work *at once!*

THE BLADE WASHING MACHINE.

There have been so many failures in washing machines that THE BLADE has hitherto been loth to offer one in connection with the paper, notwithstanding we have, in the past few years, received hundreds of requests that we should offer such a premium. However, we have at last found one that has stood the test here in Toledo, and given satisfaction to the families using it.

We are now having made for us, here in Toledo, by a leading manufacturer, a large number of these washing machines. It is the best ever offered the public; if we did not thoroughly believe this, we should not offer it. By referring to the advertisement on the 5th page of this issue, the reader can see a cut of it, and read the splendid offer we there make.

This machine retails at $7.00. We offer it, with the Weekly BLADE one year, for $5.00. The machine thus costs $4.00, which is a saving of $3.00 to the buyer—one of the profits all our subscribers have an opportunity of making. The machine is carefully crated for shipment, and being of wood is very light. The freight is to be paid by the purchaser, and should not be over 50 cents to $1, owing to the distance.

Also—we will send a washing machine *free* for a club of ten subscribers, and $10.00. Address all letters, "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE Cincinnati *Enquirer* tells the following:

Up to the latest information the only tin plate manufactured in this country is a few sheets made by imported labor from imported ore. Meanwhile the consumer pays double prices.

Our Democratic contemporary evidently believes that when it does lie it should tell a whopper. The above is a favorable specimen. Tin-ore is not imported, but block tin is; and there has been no duty on it for years, nor will there be until July 1, 1893. The consumer does not pay double prices, nor is there any reason he should pay any advance at all, as the increase in duty amounts to about a half cent on the amount of tin plate in an ordinary tin milk-pan, a cent on that in a tin milk pail, and from one-tenth to one-eighth of a cent on the tin-plate in a fruit can, or tin-cup, or quart measure.

IT is said that when Parliament reassembles Mr. PARNELL will ask one of his party in the House of Commons to resign his seat and stand for a new election, in the hope that by re-electing him the Parnellite faction will break the force of the adverse verdict given by the election in North Kilkenny recently. Why does not Mr. PARNELL try it on himself, instead of making one of his followers a vicarious sacrifice? He is a member from the city of Cork; let him resign his seat and be a candidate for re-election. He will very soon ascertain what everybody else seems to know—that he is a discredited and repudiated leader.

GOVERNOR HILL is in a peculiar predicament. If he takes the United States Senatorship he is afraid it will take him ont of the Presidential race; he doesn t care to enter until 1892, but if he accepts the gubernatorial nomination for a third term, it will be to tread on somebody's ambitions. This is why he is a trifle irritable and is saying very little.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED CHICAGO SALOONS TO CLOSE.

It is to be hoped the recent report will prove true that the Chicago brewers have decided to abandon the practice of paying for the licenses of saloon-keepers. The system began in the strong competition between rival brewers. In order to increase the sale of his beer, the brewery-man would find a room in a locality which seemed promising, would supply fixtures and pay the license, and make himself responsible for the rent and other running expenses; the nominal proprietor bound himself to sell only his patron's make of beer, and paid for the license fee and other advances made by the latter by the increased price he paid for each keg of beer—an account being kept, and when the debt was canceled he obtained his beer at the regular rate.

This system, which is common to all large cities, seems to have been largely overdone in Chicago. These brewery agencies have multiplied until they are now greater in number than the drinking habits of the people can maintain. Hence they have ceased to be sources of profit to the breweries, and the system is an expense instead. Feeling this, the brewers of the city recently got together and decided to abandon the plan, and to furnish their beer only to those men who are able to pay their own licenses and expenses. The high-license law of Illinois is proving too heavy a tax on the saloons. They must be deminished in number if their keepers are to make a good profit on their trade.

It is estimated that this contemplated withdrawal of the brewers' support will result in the closing up of between fifteen and sixteen hundred of the drinking-places in Chicago. And what is still better, those that will thus be shut up are largely those run by improper characters, and whose patrons are largely among the lowest and most dissolute class. While every saloon is an unmixed evil, these low dens, which are practically gathering places for the idle, the dissipated, the vicious and criminal elements, are by far the worst; for they afford centers around which these elements gather, and are thus a menace to good order and the public peace. They are the kindergartens of crime, the training-schools of vice; and their closing will be a distinct gain to the city.

The practice of brewers and wholesale liquor dealers in furnishing the means of starting saloons in order to extend their own trade, is a most pernicious one. It is, in effect, an effort to increase the number of drinking men and drunkards. A man who has a newly established place of this sort in charge desires, of course, to make it profitable, so that he can discharge his debt to his patron and make money for himself. To do this he must have custom, and therefore he sets himself to work to obtain it. All is fish that comes to his net. He will take the boy's pennies, the wages of the poor, the money that should buy food and clothing for the wives and children of the workingmen. He cares not where it comes from; it may be stained with the tears of a despairing mother or wife, blackened by fraud or vice, or red with the blood of crime. What he wants is money, and it matters not how it is obtained, so that it passes over his counter in exchange for the liquid poisons in which he deals.

He endeavors, therefore, to increase the number of visitors to his saloon in every possible way. He scrapes acquaintance with young men, in order to invite them to come; he is hail-fellow-well-met with every one he meets, with the same selfish end in view—the increase of his patronage, and hence of his profits. So it follows that such a saloon becomes a plague-spot in its locality. It is a direct agency for the manufacture of drunkards, and its proprietor does the devil's missionary work in laboring to induce men to make it their resort. These brewers' agencies are largely responsible for the increasing percentage of drinking men among the masses of our cities.

That the system has been overdone to so great a degree that it is no longer profitable to its promoters, and that therefore those of Chicago are to abandon it, is a good thing. It will shut up the worst of these rum-holes, and purify the city to that degree. A large gain to law and order may be expected when some 1,500 of these places are shut up through the withdrawal of their backing. Our cities are the stronghold of the Rum Power, and it is there that the most active work needs to be done in the education of the masses of the people—first in personal sobriety and self-control, and second in a knowledge of the evils that are inevitable as a result of the rum traffic. In the nature and growth of a strong, healthy public sentiment against the saloon and the Rum traffic lies the shortest road to success in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

JUSTICE BROWN.

The President, in the appointment of JUDGE HENRY B. BROWN, of Michigan, to the vacancy on the bench of the United States Supreme court caused by the death of Associate Justice MILLER, has apparently based his selection on the merits of the appointee as a lawyer and jurist, rather than on any political bearing the appointment might have. Judge BROWN has been United States District judge for the eastern district of Michigan since 1875. He has become specially noted for the soundness of his decisions in navigation cases arising along the lakes, and his knowledge of this very important department of judicial duties will add to his strength on the Supreme bench.

President HARRISON might have appointed Judge GRESHAM, of Illinois, which would have been an extremely popular move in Illinois and Indiana, and with a large class of Republicans all over the country. There are those who will regret, on political grounds, that GRESHAM was not the appointee. The experience of the past has generally been, however, that the appointments which seem to be of the nature of foregone conclusions very rarely are made. As a rule, high appointments by the President are generally of the nature of surprises to the people and the politicians; yet they are often as successful in filling the office with an useful incumbent as those which are popularly expected could be.

THE mayor of Williamsport, Penn., has ordered the policemen of that city to arrest every person who uses profane language in the street. The fine in that state is $100 and, if strictly enforced, would add an immense amount of money to the city funds. It is one of the annoyances of ladies that, whenever they walk out, the sound of oaths and bad language is everywhere in the air. The Ohio statute is much weaker than that of Pennsylvania, but the habitual loud swearer might be squelched with advantage.

SITTING BULL was no doubt a Democrat. He always believed in free trade in scalps. This may account for the sympathy of the Democratic press for the dead Indian.

THE Democratic motto appears to be "Eat, drink and be merry, for in 1892 we may die."

"Oliver Optic's" Story.

The New Serial Written for The Blade by this Noted Author.

We will have the complete manuscript, within a week, of the new serial story, to be begun in THE BLADE, as soon as EDGAR FAWCETT'S serial, now running, is completed, which will be about the end of January. The new story is entitled:

"A WILL OF HIS OWN."

By WM. T. ADAMS.

MR. ADAMS is better known to the reading public by his *nom de plume* of "Oliver Optic." The story is one of the present day and of the country, dealing with people and events of common, everyday life. It is a tale for all classes of readers——

For parents,

For young people,

For everybody who likes to read a good, pure, clean story, moral in its teachings, and which will not only amuse but instruct. For what higher, more valuable teaching can the world have, than that evil works evil to him who practices it; that honesty is the best policy; and that happiness in this life is very largely dependent upon our own exertions?

There is not a reader of THE BLADE who will not be interested in the perusal of this story. There is not a family of boys and girls who will not be the better for reading it, and for applying the plain homely lessons it inculcates to their every day life.

This story is of itself worth more than the subscription price of THE BLADE for a whole year. "Oliver Optic's" books have sold and are selling by the hundreds of thousands. His stories for young people are found in the homes of the rich, the cottages of the poor; they are in Sunday-school libraries, public libraries, reading clubs and the like. They are all pure, interesting, healthful in tone and unobjectionable in sentiment. We believe our readers will agree that "A Will of His Own" is one of the best stories THE BLADE has ever published.

Don't Fail to Renew

Your subscription, so as to get this story, which alone is worth more than the price of THE BLADE for a year.

COL. INGERSOLL DENIES WITH EMPHASIS.

A few days ago we published in THE BLADE a little story which is floating on the newspaper sea, credited to the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, to the effect that, on a slushy, sleety day, the late WASHINGTON MCLEAN was sitting in the reading room of the Riggs House at Washington, when Col. BOB INGERSOLL entered. The following is the conversation quoted:

As he entered the apartment he held out his hand, saying: "Hello, Wash, how do you do?" Mr. McLean took his hand and, as he did so, said: "Bob, I wish you could have been here a little while ago. I saw a scene out there that made me wish I was twenty years younger. A poor, old, crippled soldier was limping across the avenue, when a young, lusty fellow ran by him, and, as he did so, kicked the crutch from under him and tumbled him down into the mud." "The villain," said Ingersoll. "He should have been sent to the penitentiary." "Do you really think so?" said McLean. "Why, certainly," replied the colonel. "What else could I think?" "And yet, Bob," said McLean, "that is what you are doing every week in the year. Here are poor, old, infirm Christians with nothing to aid or support them but their belief in religion; nothing to keep them out of the mire of despair but faith, and you go and quietly kicking the church from under them worse than even this fictitious fellow did to this fictitious soldier."

We have just received the following letter from Col. INGERSOLL concerning the above:

NEW YORK, Dec. 26, 1890.

EDITOR OF THE TOLEDO BLADE:

MY DEAR SIR:—My attention was called to an article in your paper in reference to a conversation claimed to have taken place between the late Washington McLean and myself.

Nothing of the kind ever occurred. The same story was told, with Henry Ward Beecher in the place of Mr. McLean. Mr. Beecher denied it, and I did the same.

As a matter of fact, nothing could be more idiotic than the idea that men who are destroying superstition are taking crutches from Christian cripples. Will the Christians admit that they are cripples, and will they admit that their creeds are crutches? Will they also admit that the free thinker takes away their crutches and leaves them helpless cripples? It would be cruel to take crutches from a cripple; on the other hand, it would be exceedingly philanthropic and humane to cure the cripple, so that he would throw away the crutches himself.

My effort has been to make man superior to superstition—to educate him to that degree that he shall need no crutches; and to convince him that a good cause never has, and never will, need the assistance of falsehood.

There is not one word of truth in the story. No such conversation ever occurred.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

We regret that we published the story, now that we know it to be false, and gladly give Col. INGERSOLL as conspicuous a place for his denial as is possible. The story itself is an excellent one, and reflects credit on the luxuriant imagination and inventive talent of its author, whoever he may be. The Colonel follows his denial with a bit of caustic criticism, with the true Ingersollian flavor, which will be appreciated by every reader, irrespective of his own views on the subject of Christianity.

THE trouble with the Sioux Indians has demonstrated beyond a doubt that the most efficient men in the region of the trouble have been the Indian policemen. They have borne the brunt of all the trouble and by their celerity in warning commanding officers, of loyalty to the flag, and zeal when they did go on the war path, have shown themselves to be excellent soldiers. We asserted sometime ago that the proper place for the Indian was in the service as a cavalry man, scout, or policeman. He would render valiant service, and would not chafe under the languid life at the agencies. With the Red man cared for in this manner, the troubles with the vagabond disturbers would practically end forever.

THE death of Dr. HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN, at Berlin, on December 26, at the age of 68, will be lamented by archæologists everywhere. He earned an enduring fame by his discovery of the site of ancient Troy, thus settling the question whether Troy was a myth, which has divided historians for centuries. SCHLIEMANN was a thorough classicist, a man of enormous industry and perseverance, and it is a distinct loss to the world that he was called away. He was planning still more extensive excavations among the mounds of Asia Minor, that cover the sites of other cities of the ancient world, and his plans will either be abandoned or carried out by less experienced hands.

THE New York *Herald* thus pictures the status of the Democratic quarrel in that state:

It is evident that the present contention between Mr. Cleveland and Governor Hill is a very serious matter, politically. The Cleveland men declare that if Hill attempts any coup d'etat they will tip his lodgers for majority up the back. The Hill men respond that if Cleveland doesn't retire they will sharpen their snickersnees and wade in gore.

Now, one of these two candidates must pray for the grace of resignation, and the prayer must be granted or there will be trouble. A split party—and that is what we have now—is, in a close election, fatal. Some one will have to give way and that right soon, for there is none too much time for complete and effective organization.

Shall it be Cleveland? Shall it be Hill? That is the question.

EDWARD ATKINSON say that, "Although our city taxes are excessive, we are, as a nation, the lowest taxed among all who are civilized." This is a sentence filled with meat for the free trade theorists' digestion; a sermon, too, in a paragraph.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The choice of January 1 as the beginning of the civil year was purely arbitrary. It was done by JULIUS CÆSAR at the time he revised the calendar. He desired, for certain reasons, to have his year begin at the time of new moon; the new moon that year fell on the first day of January, and CÆSAR decreed that the new year should begin on that day. Had the new moon came on the first day of March, or of the month named in his honor—July—or on the first of any other month other than January, there is no doubt it would have been fixed upon as New York's day.

It was not a particularly good choice. Astronomically speaking, it would have been better to begin the year with the vernal equinox — March 21 — the commencement of spring, when Nature wakes from her winter sleep; or with the winter solstice — December 21 — when the sun reaches his furthest southern point in the heavens, and begins his six months northward journey. The old Scandinavians began their year at this time. time. In France, under the Capets, the year began at Easter. The Jewish New Year begins on the autumnal equinox. The Revolutionary French calendar fixed the New Year as September 22, the birthday of the first Republic—the same as if we should begin our year with July 4, Independence Day.

All civilized nations have finally come to the date fixed by CÆSAR for the beginning of their year. Russia is only an apparent exception, because her calendar is still Old Style, and January 1 with her is some two weeks later than with us. These facts—the fixing of the date of commencement of the civil year, the names of the months, and the number of days allotted to each—are ever-present memorials to us of the power of old Rome, and the tremendous influence she wielded to shape our civil institutions. No man can well forget JULIUS CÆSAR so long as the seventh month is called July, and the year begins on the date he decreed—though he has been dust and ashes for well on to two thousand years. His edict it was that fixed New Year's day, and it is obeyed by the millions inhabiting a half of the world of whose existence CÆSAR himself never knew—for had he known of it, he would have at least discussed the feasibility of its conquest.

While we may amuse ourselves with considering what dates would be better to use as the commencement of the civil year, there is not the smallest probability that the date decreed by CÆSAR will be changed—unless, indeed, in the coming centuries there is wrought such a revolution in the minds of men that all nations will unite in fixing a different date. The difficulties of a change are so great that every one is satisfied to accept the custom of 1,800 years. And the hearty "Happy New Year!" with which THE BLADE greets every reader individually, could not be one whit heartier or more sincere were the date changed to any other of the 365 days of the rolling year.

A NEW ATTRACTION.

This week there is given in the HOUSEHOLD a column of "Entertainments," which will be continued at intervals hereafter. The object is to suggest to hostesses and to home-keepers ways of entertaining their friends at social gatherings, and for the enjoyment of the family at home. The children, too, will not be forgotten.

SECRETARY NOBLE AROUSED.

When THE BLADE, several months ago, called attention to the abuses that have grown up around our pension system, due largely to the error of allowing pension claim agents to act as intermediaries between the old soldiers and the government, and urged a thorough remodelling of the laws relating to pensions, it struck a popular chord. Other leading papers took up the matter, and the demand has been so powerful as to lead Secretary NOBLE to investigate the subject of the exactions of pension sharks; and he found the case so bad that he is doing what lies in his power, in the absence of any action by Congress, to cut off the emoluments of the swarm of greedy claim agents who are making fortunes out of the old soldiers.

The secretary's efforts are meeting with commendation from all who are friends of the soldier. There is no need of an agent, in the vast majority of cases; nor was there ever need of any. The system of their employment has grown up without the public giving it much attention; and these gentry have been sedulously cultivating the idea that a pension claim must necessarily fail unless one of them be employed. So assiduously has this idea been inculcated for the past twenty-five years that the belief is pretty general that the first thing to do is to secure the services of an agent, instead of applying directly to the commissioner of Pensions for the proper blanks and instructions.

But all that Secretary NOBLE can do will not end the evil. It requires Congressional action—a thorough codification and revision of the entire mass of pension legislation, so that the difficulties now encountered, which give the pension sharks their excuse for existence, shall be removed, and it be made perfectly easy for any man of ordinary intelligence to fill out his own blanks and make his own application. Beyond this, there should be no need of any attorney's interference, and none should be allowed. All that is needed, or that should be needed, is that the government shall ascertain whether the claim is valid, and if it be, to allow it.

OUR BOOKS.

We have cleared our shelves of all the books we formerly handled, except two, viz:

"Health and Beauty," and
"Social Etiquette,"

both by Miss EMILY S. BOUTON. We have only about 200 copies of each of these, which is hardly enough for the holiday trade.

Both books are beautifully bound, and make admirable Christmas presents. We will send a copy of either by mail, postpaid, for *one dollar*. Please send in your orders at once, for if you delay they will all be gone; and we shall not print another edition of either this year. Address all orders: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

BEFORE election the South Carolina farmers were red-hot to change the salary law and cut down official perquisites, but now that they have the offices, the iron has grown cold. The farmer of South Carolina appears to know what is good for his own pocketbook.

CLEVELAND is as dumb as a graven image on the currency question—now the one most prominent in our politics. Why does not some sharp newspaper man in New York interview him on the subject? Or are there none such in that city?

THE Toledo BLADE cuts like the finest Damascus steel, with the true ring on all moral, political, economic and social questions. Its usefulness was never greater than at present.—[Urbana Citizen.

CHICAGO is turning out her drunken policemen. They will probably run for the Chicago city council next spring.

THE FEDERAL ELECTIONS BILL.

Never was there so gross an attempt at deception as the miscalling of the federal elections measure the "force" bill by the Democratic press. No Democratic paper that we have seen has had the fairness to either print the bill, or give an honest synopsis of its provisions. They yell "force bill!" in chorus, and stigmatize it as an attempt to "overthrow the liberties of the people of the South," and various other things, each and all as destitute of truth as this.

The fact is not denied, even by the Southern white Democrats, that through intimidation practiced in numerous different ways, the citizens of color are largely kept away from the polls, especially at national elections; and that, where these methods fail, the colored vote is neutralized by election laws, like the infamous "eight box" law of South Carolina; or by actual fraud in the count of votes.

The result is that something like thirty seats in the House of Representatives are occupied by Democrats chosen by a white minority of the voters, whose seats would be filled by Republicans if there were honest elections; and the same thing is true of Presidential electors. Had there been a free vote in the South in 1884, CLEVELAND would have been defeated.

The constitution of the United States makes no distinction between white and black citizens, and forbids any state to do so by law. The Southern Bourbons obey the letter of the constitution, but render its intent nugatory by employing methods outside the law. Hence their elections, so far as the colored citizens are concerned, are a farce and a fraud. The federal elections bill is framed with the intent of securing honest elections—nothing more.

It provides that the judges of the Circuit courts of the United States shall appoint three men of different political parties, who shall be present at the registration and election, and witness and report what they see; and that, in most of the cases for which the bill provides, is all.

But whenever there is an application, upon one hundred voters of a district asking that the entire district shall be put under this supervision, and making oath that, in their belief, there cannot be a fair election without it, then the judge of the Circuit court appoints three commissioners for the state, also of different political parties; and these witnesses report to those commissioners the result of the election received by them from the hands of the state officials, who make the count and declare the result in each precinct, together with such facts bearing upon the honesty and fairness of the election as they see fit to report.

Thereupon these state commissioners make the certificate as to the election, which entitles the man claiming the seat to be put on the rolls of the House of Representatives, subject, as the constitution requires, to the action of the House itself. But if any candidate be aggrieved by this action, he has a right to go to the judge of the Circuit court of that circuit and have a hearing, and the judge's certificate as to the truth of the election takes the place of the certificate of those election officers. These provisions, with a stringent provision against bribery and a careful one against excessive fees, is the whole of the federal election bill.

We defy any man to point out in this bill one unjust proviso, one that tends to deprive any citizen of the right to cast his ballot freely and to have it honestly counted, or to show that the slightest injustice is possible under it. We believe that the majority shall rule, in one state as well as another; and we have no sympathy with the mawkish sentimentality that counsels the dropping of this bill, on the plea that the Southern states should "solve the negro problem for themselves." It is a matter of glaring injustice when it takes an average of only about 5,000 votes to elect a Representative in Congress, or a Presidential elector, in a Southern state, while it requires from 28,000 to 30,000, on an average, to elect one anywhere else in the Union.

MAKING TIN PLATE.

Preparations are already on foot by a dozen or more large firms to go into the manufacture of tin plate, they being stimulated to do so by the new tariff law, which will prevent the underselling of their products by the gigantic English tin trust, which now controls the tin plate industry of the world.

The indications are that the manufacture of tinware will be revolutionized, and, by the adoption of a new idea in its manufacture—a regular "Yankee notion"—all tin articles will be cheaper than they have ever sold. In order to explain fully, let us remind the reader that tinware is not made of pure tin, but of thin sheets of iron, covered with a coating of tin. These sheets or plates are called "tin plate," which is cut up to make fruit-cans, tin-cups, buckets, water-spouts, etc.

It is now proposed by one of these firms—MATHAI, INGRAM & CO., of Baltimore, who imported over 200,000 boxes of tin plate last year at a cost of $1,400,000—to make their articles out of the iron plates, untinned, and then to tin the completed articles. This will save a great deal of block tin over the old plan, for that which is lost in the scraps of tin plate left after cutting out the articles amounts to a large sum in value during the year.

The firm of NORTON BROTHERS, who have the immense canning works at Maywood, Illinois, and whose firm is the largest single consumer of tin plate in the world, already have a tin-plate factory in operation at Chicago, as mentioned recently in THE BLADE. This they propose to greatly enlarge in the spring; and their method will be to cut the different parts of the cans they will manufacture out of the sheet iron, of the exact size needed, and then tin these parts. Afterward, the parts will be joined to make the complete article. Their method will prove as economical as that of MATHAI, INGRAM & CO.

We have no doubt that this example will be followed by tin plate manufacturers in this country, and that the majority of tin articles will be made by one or the other of these methods, instead of the tin plate being made first, and then cut up as required. There will be a vast aggregate saving, which will inure to the benefit of the people who use tin-plate.

IT is worth recalling at this juncture, that President WASHINGTON, in his second message to Congress, recommended "such encouragement to our navigation as will render our commerce and agriculture less dependent on foreign bottoms, which may fail us in the very moment most needed." It is for holding precisely these same views that patriotic Americans are now denounced by the Bourbon press as "subsidy grabbers," "thieves" and "plunderers."

ILLINOIS Democrats have a legislative quorum if they can keep one of their members out of the penitentiary. Just now he has about an even chance for Joliet or Springfield.

GOVERNOR HILL kindly sent his regrets to the Reform club dinner in New York. While GROVER C. eats and drinks and spouts, HILL is quietly pulling wires.

BRICE IS NOT ELIGIBLE TO THE SENATE.

The would-be witty men of the newspaper press have cracked so many jokes over CALVIN S. BRICE and his bipatriality that there is danger the people of the country will assume the whole charge made against BRICE, of ineligibility to the Senate, to be a jest.

It is not a jest. It is an ugly truth that the Democratic majority of the Ohio legislature elected to the United States Senate, to succeed HENRY B. PAYNE, a man who does not fulfill the constitutional requirements of a Senator. That man is CALVIN S. BRICE.

The constitution of the United States, in Article I, Section iii, Clause 3, says:

No person shall be a senator who shall not have attained the age of thirty years, and been nine years a citizen of the United States, *and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that state for which he shall be chosen.*

The portion of this clause which we have italicized is the one on which the charge of ineligibility is based. At the time of his alleged election, CALVIN S. BRICE was not an inhabitant of the state of Ohio. Mr. BRICE lives permanently in the city of New York. He owns the house, No. 683 Fifth avenue, and has inhabited it for about four years.

Some four years ago he sold the house in Lima which he formerly inhabited. He has there no home, no household furniture. His mother, and also Mrs. BRICE'S mother, reside in Lima (neither of them in the house he formerly occupied, however), and when he comes there he visits them.

He is a "resident" member of three clubs in New York city, each of which makes a distinction between "resident" and "non-resident" members.

A year or more before his alleged election to the Senate from Ohio, he became bondsman for a New York contractor, and took the necessary oath that he was *a resident of the state of New York*, which is made a condition by the state law.

His business is in the city of New York; he has an office there, and both it and his residence are given in the city directory.

In taking the late census, he was enumerated in New York city, the following being the entries of himself and his family upon a blank headed "Eleventh Census of the United States—Family Schedule—Supervisor's District No. 1, Enumeration District No. 665, New York City, State and County of New York, 693 Fifth avenue, Ward 19. Enumerated by me on the 6th day of June, 1890. JAMES WATSON, Enumerator:"

Number of families in this dwelling-house, one; number of persons in this family, fourteen.

Calvin S. Brice, U. S. soldier, head of the family, 44 years old, born in Ohio, lawyer, can read, write and speak English.
Octavine Brice, wife, born in Ohio.
Stewart M. Brice, son, 19 years old, single, student.
Helen O. Brice, daughter, single, 18 years, student.
Margret K. Brice, daughter, single, 17 years, student.
Walter K. Brice, son, 16 years, single, student.
John L. Brice, son, 16 years, single, student.

House lived in is owned by the head of the family and mortgaged. Postoffice address of the owner, No. 683 Fifth avenue, New York.

Under appropriate headings there are also the names of seven servants, all of whom can read and speak English. Mr. BRICE was also enumerated at Lima—not personally, but by his mother; nor does it appear that the enumerator demanded whether this was done by the express direction of Mr. BRICE, or whether it was merely voluntary on her part.

Mr. BRICE, whenever he concludes an election important enough, comes from New York to Lima to vote; and it does not appear that his right to do so has ever been challenged in that ultra-Democratic town. But the constitutional requirement is that the Senator shall be an "inhabitant" of the state from which he shall be chosen. What is an "inhabitant?" WEBSTER says it is "one who dwells or resides permanently in a place or who has a fixed residence, as distinguished from an occasional lodger or visitor." Under that definition, can BRICE be deemed an inhabitant of this state?

The statutes of Ohio shed some light upon the question. Section 2946, Revised Statutes of Ohio, declares:

That place shall be considered the residence of a person in which his habitation is fixed, and to which, whenever he is absent, he has the intention of returning.

If a person removes to another state, with the intention of remaining there an indefinite time, and as a place of present residence, he shall be considered to have lost his residence in this state, notwithstanding he may entertain an intention to return at some future period.

Under any reasonable and proper construction of this section, Mr. BRICE is not an inhabitant of the state of Ohio. The matter of his ineligibility must come up in the Senate when he attempts to take a seat in that body; and if the Senators do their duty they will see to it that the language and spirit of the constitution is observed by declaring the Ohio seat vacant. The constitution did not intend that a Senator should live six hundred miles beyond the limits of the state from which he is chosen.

EMIN PASHA AGAIN.

MR. STANLEY has described EMIN PASHA, in somewhat uncomplimentary terms, as a man of "weak and vacillating character," a bug-hunter rather than a ruler, a visionary and dreamer rather than a man of action. Altogether Mr. STANLEY leaves the impression that he considers EMIN as entirely unfitted for the task of ruling Equatoria, from his lack of self-reliance, and his vacillation in opinions and plans.

Those who have comfortably settled down in this belief are now called upon to revise their opinions. EMIN has led a party of Germans, with a Gatling gun by way of artillery, back to Lake Victoria Nyanza, driving all hostile natives before him as chaff is driven by the wind; and he is now planting German posts at the most available localities upon the shores of the great lake, and displaying not only courage, but the sagacity of a trained leader and the foresight of a statesman. In fact, he is proving himself the very opposite of the fancy sketch drawn by Mr. STANLEY. The latter should explain the discrepancy.

THE latest experiment in heavy ordnance tested by our own government is a rifled gun of cast steel, twelve inches bore, and thirty feet long; it threw shot fifteen miles. If we can cast rifled guns from steel, a most important advance in modern gunnery has been made—for the casting of a gun is a matter of days only, while the building of a wrought-steel one is an affair of many months. We will be able, in case of success, to line our coasts with effective ordnance in short order.

THE Washington *Post* stumbled upon a great truth when it declared that "trusts and monopolies are not responsible for all the millionaires. Judicious advertising has contributed its full share in that direction."

SENATOR BUTLER, of South Carolina, wants to repeal the Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution. It wasn't so long ago that this BUTLER wanted to repeal the whole constitution and live in the C. S. A.

Next Week

We Begin Our Series of "Letters to Young Citizens."

In THE BLADE of next week we will publish the first of a series of papers on government and citizenship, by some of America's most distinguished publicists, entitled:

"LETTERS TO YOUNG CITIZENS."

They will be entirely free from political coloring, or special theories. They are not intended to teach party politics, but to inculcate sound and just ideas in regard to the rights, duties and obligations of American citizenship.

Read the list of distinguished men who will be the writers of these letters, and see if you do not agree with us that this series alone will be worth much more than a year's subscription to THE BLADE:

List of Authors and Subjects.

1.—BISHOP A. CLEVELAND COXE. Subject: "Law and Public Morals."
2.—PRESIDENT MERRILL EDWARDS GATES, LL. D., of Amherst College. Subject: "Politics in Their True Light."
3.—GEORGE W. CABLE. Subject: "The Future American Citizen."
4.—JOHN HABBERTON. Subject: "True Patriotism."
5.—HON. JOHN A. KASSON, Washington, D. C. Subject to be announced.
6.—ALBERT SHAW, Minneapolis, Minn. Subject: "Municipal Duties and Obligations."
7.—WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D. D. Subject: "A Look Forward in American History."
8.—PROF. EDMUND J. JAMES, of the University of Pennsylvania. Subject: "Our Financial System."
9.—SENATOR JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.—Subject to be announced.
10.—HON. J. L. PICKARD, LL. D., president Iowa State University. Subject: "Some Lessons of Our First Century."
11.—JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL. D. Subject: "The Expansion of the Republic."
12.—WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON. Subject: "Political Ideals."
13.—GEN. THOMAS J. MORGAN, U. S. Commissioner Indian Bureau. Subject: "Our Indian Policy."
14.—HUBERT H. BANCROFT, of San Francisco. Subject to be announced.
15.—S. G. W. BENJAMIN. Subject: "True Political Independence."
16.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Subject: "The Merit System of Making Government Appointments."
17.—HENRY RANDALL WAITE, President of the American Institute of Civics. Subject: "The Church and the State."
18.—THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Subject: "Evils of Sectionalism."
19.—PRESIDENT E. H. CAPEN, of Tufts College, Maine. Subject: "The Education of the Citizen."
20.—TITUS MUNSON COAN. Subject: "Qualifications for Places of Trust."
21.—EDWARD EVERETT HALE. Subject: "American Town Government."
22.—PRESIDENT J. S. HOPKINS, D. D., of Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga. Subject: "Essentials to True Legislation."
23.—CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D. D., of New York. Subject: "The First Duty of the Citizen."
24.—THOMAS L. JAMES, ex-Postmaster General. Subject: "Our Postal System."
25.—MAJOR GENERAL O. O. HOWARD. Subject: "Our Standing Army."

There is not a voter in the United States who will not be benefitted and aided by reading this magnificent series. Every father should consider it a duty to place it before his son, that the latter may understand his duties to the state—not as a partisan, but as a citizen. The writers are all men who stand high in intellect, men noted in the world of action, men whose best thoughts, given in these letters, will well be worth any one's perusal.

Teachers of Youth

Should be especially interested in this series, and mention it to the pupils under their care, as well as bring it to the attention of parents. It will be of vast value as a means of arousing thought, and hence be an educational aid of the highest value.

Renew your subscription, and obtain these matchless letters!

FREE TRADE IN ENGLAND.

Now that a renewed effort is making in this country to break down the protectionist system which is making us industrially independent of other nations, it is well to take a look at England, and see how the free trade system is working with her. In an article on DISRAELI, by the historian FROUDE, just published in England, the British people are reminded that the belief prevailed, when free trade was adopted in that country, that it would become the world's greatest workshop. But that expectation has not been realized; and Mr. FROUDE goes on to say:

The tide has slackened now; other nations have rejected our example, have nursed their own industries and supply their own wants. The volume of English trade continues to roll on, but the profits diminish. The crowds who throng our towns refuse to submit to a lowering of wages, and perplex economists; we are thus able to consider with fairness the objections of a few farming statesmen of forty and fifty years ago.

DISRAELI was one of the opponents of CORDEN and his free trade theory; and though he saw he could not stem the tide, he warned the English people, in his utterances as the leader of the Conservatives in the House of Commons, and Mr. FROUDE shows how his warnings have been verified. His little sketch of DISRAELI is discussed by a London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who makes the following points against the free trade policy:

The English farmer is swamped under the competition of other worlds. The other nations who were to have opened their ports after our example, keep them closed to protect their own manufacturers and supply their own necessities." The result is foreseen by clear-headed men. It is obvious if other countries are to continue to maintain their present attitude, that English profits must continue to shrink; that articles must be produced cheaper and cheaper. As employment fails in the country districts the people stream into the towns. "This great London of ours," says Mr. Froude, "annually stretches its borders. Five millions of men and women, more than the people of all England at the time of the Commonwealth, are now collected within the limits of the belts of mortality."

What is the character of the people thus herded? What is their condition? General Booth's book, "In Darkest England," makes answer. In London, there are 900,000 destitute persons. In Great Britain there are 100,000 persons actually home

A WORD OF CAUTION ON CLUBBING.

We wish to caution those who wish to subscribe for THE BLADE in combination with other periodicals, as advertised elsewhere. *The money for both must be sent at one time.* For instance, a subscriber reads that THE BLADE and another periodical will be sent together for $1.25. But he has already renewed for THE BLADE; so he sends us 25 cents, and requests that the other be sent also. *We cannot do this.* In such cases, the money will be sent back. The subscriptions must be sent at the *same time.* If you are already a BLADE subscriber, and wish to take advantage of one of these offers, induce some one else to subscribe, so that you can do so.

FOR 1891.

Some of the Good Things The Blade Has on Its Programme for Next Year for Its Readers.

We herewith make announcement of a *part* only of the special features we are preparing for the readers of the TOLEDO BLADE for next year. The first of these is

"A WILL OF HIS OWN,"

A serial story, by the famous "Oliver Optic," who is better known by that name to myriads of readers than by his true name of WILLIAM T. ADAMS. This will be begun at some time about the New Year. Every subscriber whose time expires this fall should renew so as to get this story, which alone will be worth the subscription price for the whole year.

We have arrangements in progress for several other

SERIAL STORIES BY LEADING AUTHORS OF NOTE,

Due announcement of which will be made, which will furnish to our readers a number of first-class stories, any one of which, in book form, would cost them more than the subscription price to THE BLADE for the entire year.

In addition, we are having prepared, at considerable expense, a *special* series of articles for publication in THE BLADE next year, which will be entitled the

"MONEY-MAKER SERIES."

These will give full and complete practical information how to *make money* by what may be called "side issues," which can be pursued in connection with one's regular occupation. We have not completed a list of subjects, but will name a few:

"How to Make Money by Poultry Raising;" giving full directions for making incubators, directions for managing them, for feeding young chicks, marketing them, etc; and keeping poultry for egg-producing exclusively.

"Money in Small Fruits," telling how any one with a spare lot of ground can find profit in strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, etc.

"Cranberry Culture," for any one who has an old mill dam, or bit of swamp land, telling how it can be made worth $1,000 per acre.

"Small Trades," telling how a person who has not the ground or room available for any of the above can make money by occupations that can be carried on of evenings, such as silver plating and replating, nickel plating, and a number of others, by any of which an active, energetic person can profitably occupy his spare hours.

"Amateur Photography," giving minute directions whereby one can do successful work without the aid of an instructor.

And many others, which we are not yet ready to announce.

The "Money-maker Series" will be copyrighted, and will *not* be published in book form, or in any thing else than THE BLADE. These papers will appear at intervals during the year, and will be illustrated, where necessary; minute directions, with actual cost of materials will be given; and every pains taken to make them easily understood by every one.

Remember, there will be no way of obtaining this series save by subscribing to the WEEKLY BLADE; and any one who wishes can, find the way from one or the other, to make many times the dollar THE BLADE will cost for the year.

The various regular departments of THE BLADE will be improved and made better, and the paper will be found still more worthy of the patronage of every one. Don't fail to renew in time!

Sample Copies Free to any Address.

IN BOOK FORM.

"NASBY'S" LAST NOVEL,

"THE DEMAGOGUE."

THE success of "The Demagogue," Mr. D. R. Locke's last and best novel, published as a serial in the columns of this paper, was phenomenal, and long before the story was finished we had many inquiries as to whether or not it would be published in book form.

In response to this very general demand for this story in a permanent form, the great novel has been issued in a hand some cloth bound volume, beautifully printed and gotten up in the most tasteful manner.

Anyone sending to THE BLADE a dollar and a half will be mailed a copy of "The Demagogue," postage prepaid.

For two dollars we will send the Weekly BLADE one year and a copy of "The Demagogue," postage prepaid.

This is an unprecedentedly low offer, and should be taken advantage of at once. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

The New Tariff Law.

The Official Text of the Law, Without Omission—With Notes, Showing the Changes From the Old Law.

The demand for the new tariff law—the "McKinley bill"—is tremendous, and we are asked by hundreds of letters, to "publish it in full." It is too long. It makes nearly *four pages* the size of those of THE BLADE.

But, to supply the demand, we are now printing the new tariff law as an extra. It contains the full text of the bill, as it became a law, and as it now stands in the United States Statutes, complete and unabridged.

To make it the more useful, we have added to the different schedules notes, showing the *changes* from the old law—thus making it invaluable to every one who desires full information.

We will send one copy by mail, postpaid, for 4 cents. Send two 2-cent stamps.

Or, we will send 2 copies for 5 cents in stamps.

Or, *one dozen* copies for 25 cents.

Send in your orders at once for copies of "the new tariff law," inclosing the stamps with the order; and we shall take it as a great favor if you will send, on a separate slip of paper, in the same letter, a list of persons in your neighborhood who do not take THE BLADE. Send their names and postoffice addresses, and we will mail each a sample copy of this paper.

Science Causerie.

Facts About Clouds and Lightning.

Some very interesting facts about clouds, lightning and thunder are cited in the New York *Electrical Review.* "The lower surface," it says, "the surface next to the earth, is exceedingly uneven, and generally charged with positive electricity. Some parts of the cloud are much nearer the earth than the others. Electricity gathers in the largest measure at the lowest point, or is said to have at its lowest point the highest electrical tension. A highly electrified water cloud at the time of a powerful thunder shower seldom exceeds in height a quarter of a mile (1,320 feet.) When the electrical tension is sufficiently high, the electricity passes across the intervening atmosphere to the highest point, usually negative, but opposite to that of the cloud, on the earth, directly under the cloud. This passage is called a thunderbolt. During an electric storm, if the air be very heavy, then the lightnings are more zig-zag and the thunders more deafening. If the lowest electrified cloud be directly over a short object in the immediate vicinity of a tall one, the short object—it matters but little of what kind—will be "struck." This fact that the way of lightning from a cloud to some object on the earth beneath is usually as direct as possible will greatly help to a better understanding of some of the mysteries of lightning. So that it is not always the highest object in the region of the prevailing thunder shower that is struck, but that object which is directly under the lowest hanging cloud. It not unfrequently happens that the corner of a dwelling house is struck sooner than a tall chimney of the same, because the corner thereof was directly under the lowest part of the electrified cloud.

Observations of the Star Vega.

The Harvard astronomers have convinced themselves that the bright, giant star Vega or Alpha Lyræ is not double, as Mr. Fowler, the English astronomer, recently announced. Much interest gathers round the settlement of this question. Vega emits about 69 times as much light as the sun emits, though on account of the immensely greater distance of the star we get but a faint glimmer compared with the flood of light reaching us from the sun.

One of the most wonderful utilities of the spectrocope is that it enables the observer at favorable times to detect the doubling of a most remote star by the fact that when the two components in the line of sight are moving in opposite directions the lines which are common in their spectra are duplicated or displaced toward opposite ends of the spectrum. This is due to the rapid motion of the stellar masses toward or from the observer. In the spectrum of Alpha Lyræ the chief lines are due to hydrogen, but Mr. Fowler found no duplication of the hydrogen lines. But the next strongest line—that of calcium—he found quite distinctly duplicated in fourteen observations.

So far no confirmation of Mr. Fowler's results has been reported. But the Cambridge observations, taken in the morning and evening, do not absolutely disprove their correctness. There still remains the possibility that the phenomenon of the doubling of the lines in the spectrum may have occurred in the daytime, and so escaped detection.

Singular Astronomical Coincidence.

There has very recently occurred a most wonderful coincidence that must startle even the astronomical world. On the 15th of November last Professor Zona, of the Palermo observatory, in Italy, discovered a comet in the constellation Auriga. On the following night, (Nov. 16), while observing the position of this comet with the great 27 inch telescope at Vienna, Dr. Spitaler discovered another and fainter comet in the field of view with it; the motion was in the same direction as that of Zona's. Upon the announcement of the discovery of two comets so close to each other, astronomers naturally concluded that they were parts of the same comet, and therefore were traveling through space together. It was, however, soon seen that there was no relationship whatever between the two, for Zona's comet rapidly left the other far behind, passing eight hours being taken as the unit. One or more of these lots were sold to buyers, *nothing but the means to cultivate them and care for them being asked of them.* The price of the lands in all instances is to be made from the crops produced upon the land, so that when it is decided to the purchaser's benefit to do so as the purchase price has been realized from crops it has cost him but a trifle in actual cash outlay. The land the company plants and cultivates, and as its pay must come from crops it follows that it will be to its interest to have land bearing condition when it comes into final possession of the purchaser.

The fruits grown in this section (Fresno Co.) are peaches, figs, apricots, pears, prunes, olives, but especially the raisin grapes. Raisins come quickly into bearing, the crop never misses, and the yield per acre is from $100 to $200 net profit when in full bearing. This is not an experiment. The company has now been operating two years. It has planted out over One Thousand Acres in raisins and figs, and is preparing Twenty-Five Hundred more for planting this spring. It has sold property to 850 persons all over the United States and Canada. Its operations have been remarkably successful. Its plan allows the purchaser to continue his work or business, and have a place developed for him, without having to lose his salary which he would otherwise earn. The property begins to appreciate in value at once when work is begun upon it, and every dollar's worth of labor is on a solid basis. To investigate our work and see our colony is the only way to appreciate it. We still have some land to sell and are also running frequent excursions from the East in order to give parties a chance to see it. Write for our pamphlet and dates of excursions. We give free passage to purchasers from round trip. Address

JOHN BROWN COLONY,
Madera, California.
Chicago Office, Room 63, 175 Dearborn st.

OPIUM Habit and Inebriety cured at the Oxford Retreat, Oxford, O. Dr. G. F. [illegible], Superintendent.

SEEDS [illegible] BIG PRIZE

FREE CURE For Weak Men. Vigor restored; parts enlarged. I have found a certain self-Cure which I will gladly send FREE to my fellow-sufferers. Address at once. H. T. HAMILTON, BOX 42, ALBION, MICH.

ONE YEAR FREE! SEND US 10 CENTS to pay postage, and the names and addresses of 10 persons you think would like sample copies of *The Modern Queen*, and we will mail it to you one year free as a trial subscription. It is a large 16 page, 64 column, illustrated magazine. One of the best published. Only 50 cents a year. Each issue contains Flower, Fancy Work, Art Needle Work, Crochet, Knitting, Lace, Home Decoration, Cooking and everything pertaining to Household. Sixth Premium Edition given away. Agents wanted. Liberal premiums to club raisers. Address MODERN QUEEN CO., New Haven, Conn.

Best farm weekly in the world in club with Weekly Blade for $2.25.

HERE IT IS.

$5 VALUE FOR 25 CENTS.

If you are prompt. See terms below.

The MOST TRUSTWORTHY of any paper of its class printed.—J. J. HARRISON.

Everybody that *is* a body knows of the UNIQUE INDIVIDUALITY of the RURAL along the lines of original experimental investigation.—J. J. H. GREGORY.

The editor has opened an entirely NEW FIELD OF INVESTIGATION, the possibility of which cannot be conjectured.—NORMAN J. COLMAN.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER has DONE MORE FOR FARMERS than nine-tenths of all the land-grant Colleges and Experiment Stations.—*New York Tribune.*

We have seen on the farm of the editor of THE RURAL NEW-YORKER a crop of 134 bushels of shelled corn raised on one acre of land.—*American Agriculturist.*

Illustrates the PROGRESS made by the agricultural class, much of which is due to the inspiration of THE RURAL NEW-YORKER, and the papers which follow its example.—LT. GOV. E. F. JONES.

It has DONE MORE TO PROMOTE THE TRUE INTERESTS OF AGRICULTURE, than all the Experiment Stations put together.—*The New York Times.*

The best farm weekly in the world.—*Philadelphia Journal.*

IT GIVES AWAY SEEDS of PLANTS of important new varieties, $2.00 a Year; BEST OF THIS YEAR FREE to subscribers for 1891.

ON TRIAL TEN WEEKS 25 CTS. We will send it till January, 1892, to the first 15 who name this paper, and its date, and send 25 cents for the trial subscription. *And Further, deduct this 25 cts. when you subscribe for '91, if sent in the 15.*

$5 VALUE FOR 25 Cts.

The Rural Publishing Co., Times Building, New York.

In Club with Weekly BLADE, both One Year for only $2.25. Privilege of RURAL'S valuable seeds included.

Address orders to either paper.

The President's Pets.

The Children of the White House Lead a Gay and Merry Life.

President Harrison's grandchildren give a home-like air to the White House which it has not had for many years. Few children have ever spent much time at the official residence of the chief executive of the nation and the babies now there have a novel experience. It is one continual round of

BENJAMIN HARRISON M'KEE.

pleasures and sight-seeing. Visitors pat them on the heads and bring them presents, every public function is for them an entertainment, and the Marine band, which so frequently plays there, is a constant source of delight. Baby McKee still enjoys life, and monopolizes his grandfather, unconscious of the notoriety he has achieved, and the President's manner toward him is not influenced in the slightest degree by the funny paragraphs which have been printed about him. The little fellow has a taste for mechanical investigation, and spends much of his time examining the intricacies of toys, with the natural result of putting an end to the usefulness of many of them.

Mary Lodge McKee is a year and a half younger than her brother, and her attractions are of a very different character. She is of a retiring disposition, but has very winning ways. Russell Harrison's daughter Marthena, who is in age about midway between the two McKee children, spent the winter at the White House and had a most enjoyable time. Previous to her departure for Montana Baby McKee's birthday was celebrated by a children's party, and President Harrison himself attended on them. The Harrisons are great believers in fresh air, and the children are taken out regularly several times a day except when the weather is bad. The good effects of this are shown in the vigorous health enjoyed by the young folks.

MARY LODGE M'KEE.

EVOLUTION OF THE NECKTIE.

Now the Only Part of Man's Attire Left for the Display of Variety.

In the present sombre and unattractive costume worn by the male of to-day, in which picturesqueness has been so completely sacrificed to utility, fashion has left him but one small portion of his attire where he may yet display a little variety in color and form, and that is in the shape of his scarf or necktie. 'Tis here a refined and well-bred man will show his good taste in some unobtrusive arrangement in silk or satin. The abject follower of fashion of the masher type delights to adorn his person with something eccentric in this way. As every man reveals more or less a certain amount of character by the way he dresses, it often follows the lower and more vulgar the taste the louder the necktie, which may be instanced in the delight 'Arry takes in decking himself in a tie of the brightest vermilion or other brilliant color. However daring in point of color a young man may be in his neck adornment, he generally merges into the staid and more conventional black as he gets to maturer years.

Originally intended as a protection to the throat, the necktie has now degenerated to a mere ornamental item of dress, and to trace its origin we must go back to the stirring times of the Stuarts. Down to the early part of the seventeenth century, the ruff, which had grown to an enormous size, combined the offices of a neckcloth as well as collar. It was not until the close of the reign of Charles II. that neckcloths, or cravats, were first worn in England, and were doubtless gladly welcomed as a change from the stiff and uncomfortable ruff. They were usually composed of rich Brussels or Flanders lace, tied in a knot under the chin, and the ends allowed to hang down square. Still later they were worn much longer, the ends being passed through the buttonholes of the waistcoat.

The lace neckcloth was succeeded by the small cambric Geneva bands, not unlike those used by clergymen, and these were very generally worn by gentlemen during the reign of William III. The lace neckcloth again became fashionable in Queen Anne's time, but was finally abandoned in 1875. This was followed by a broad silk ribbon, which fashion ordained to be worn round the neck and tied in a large bow in the front. A few years later white cambric stocks that buckled behind were introduced, and these were succeeded about 1789 by the muslin cravat, which was more comfortable to the wearer as well as gracefully in appearance. The muslin cravat was passed twice round the neck, then tied in a capacious bow in front, in which it was the fashion to bury the chin.

It was about this period that stiff linen collars first became generally worn, and the ruffle disappeared as a part of ordinary dress. We now come to the early part of the present century, when design and style in costume became still plainer. The cravat now assumed a more modified form, and was worn in various styles, always passed twice roun the huge collar, and tied in a bow or some fanciful knot in the front, according to the taste of the wearer. Some of the methods used to tie the cravat certainly had the merit of simplicity, as shown in those worn in the early part of this century. Until about 1820 cravats were made very wide in the center, and tapered off toward the ends. Still later they were worn narrow, often crossed in the front, and secured by a breastpin of large dimensions, a greater variety of patterns, and materials also, being introduced in their manufacture. Thirty years ago stocks and cravats commenced to disappear, and scarfs made up into various styles and shapes began to take their place, and they have gradually assumed smaller proportions, until we arrive at the neat productions of our own day. Now and again one may occasionally see the old-fashioned stock worn by some very conservative old gentleman that recalls a past generation. At the present time neckties of English manufacture command the best prices, and are sought after in France, America and almost every country in the world, being looked upon as the correct thing by those who would be thought well dressed. They are mostly manufactured in London and the neighborhood by three or four large firms, who make this department a special business.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

Uses of Aluminum.

Among the uses of aluminum suggested by Mr. Eugene H. Cowles, president of the Lockport company, are the following: At 50 cents per pound the new metal will compete with copper at 17 cents, the latter being 3.50 times as heavy as an equal bulk of aluminum. But the electrical conductivity of aluminum that is 98 per cent pure is only 75 per cent that of copper, so that one-third more area would be required to do the same work. A reduction of 43 per cent in weight of motors for electric cars can be secured by using the new metal, which in itself is no small advantage, seeing that the latter promise to come into extensive use in the near future. The coating and lasting qualities of aluminum far surpass those of tin, and it will cover three times as much surface for equal weights, making it necessary to sell tin at 16 cents per pound in competition with the other at 50. Nickel at 70 cents would no longer be used for plated ware or coinage, the new metal being much cheaper and cleaner. He expects to see it sell at two to three hundred dollars per ton, and at these figures it will be the cheapest metal next to iron and steel. The price must fall lower and lower as the facilities increase for making the material and the market adapts itself to the absorption of larger quantities of the new metal.

Cure for Snake Bites.

Baron von Muller, an eminent scientific authority of Melbourne, has discovered the real cause and effective cure of snake poisoning. According to Her von Mutter, the venom of serpents does not destroy the tissues of the body, but has merely a dynamic effect, suspending the action of the motor and vaso-motor nerve centres. This discovery at once indicated that the proper kind of antidote would be something which would "stimulate and increase the functional activity of these nerve centres." This remedy is supplied by strychnine, which is directly antagonistic in its action to snake poison. Herr von Muller has applied strychnine upon a large number of persons bitten by the tiger-snake and other venomous serpents, and with invariable success. The way in which he employs it is to inject ten to twenty minims of the drug under the skin of the patient, and to repeat the operation every fifteen minutes until slight muscular spasms are produced, these being an infailing sign that the patient is out of danger. Large doses of strychnine may be injected into the blood of a person who has been bitten without producing any injury until it has completely neutralized the effect of the snake poison.

The Nebulæ Do Move.

The most important discovery that has been made with the immense telescope in the Lick Observatory at San Francisco, in regard to the stars, is the demonstration of the motion of the nebulæ. As everything in the universe is in motion, and nothing ever stands still, it was to be presumed that the cluster of stars known as the nebulæ constituted no exception to the rule. It was left for the Lick Observatory to demonstrate the fact. Dr. Keeler has likewise measured the rate of progress at which some of the stars are moving. He finds, for instance, that Arcturus is approaching the earth at the rate of 40 miles per second, or at the rate of 2,500,000 miles per day. It does not appear, however, that the prospect of a collision is imminent enough to justify alarm.

An Electric Fence.

L. J. Crothers has a 10,000-acre ranch in Texas. He questioned whether electricity wouldn't make a good fence, that is taken in conjunction with a three-string barb wire barrier of the usual kind. He fenced a 1-000-acre tract with one smooth wire, and charged the wire from the dynamo that lighted his residence. Into the enclosure, separated from the tract containing the main herd by this single wire, he put some wild steers. They broke for the main body. The leader of the stampede met the wire, bellowed and retreated rapidly. Others tried the wire and did likewise. So Mr. Crothers thinks one wire will fence in the toughest quadruped in Texas.

Electricity in Photography.

Electricity is being brought more and more into intimate connection with photography. It is now used in lighting studios and for securing artistic effects of light and shade. In order to avoid black, hard shadows the light is projected onto a sheet of alabaster and thence on the subject. The result is soft and exquisite in tone. The electric light is also used for printing, for enlargement, for balloon and kite photography. In aerial photography the camera is attached to a kite. When the desired height has been reached the exposure is made by electricity, and pictures are thus secured which it would be impossible to obtain by any other means.

ELI PERKINS

Says the Farmers Are Going to Glory—The Industries of the West—The Tariff.

Melville D. Landon (Eli Perkins), having just returned from Dakota, Nebraska and Minnesota, says the New York *Sun*, was asked if there were any new industries being established in the West on account of the new tariff.

"Yes," he said, "there are three great Western industries being established which will keep $50,000,000 in this country every year."

"What are they?"

"First, the Grand Island, Nebraska, beet sugar industry is a wonderful success. They are now turning out there 300 barrels of pure white beet sugar a day. The plant cost $500,000, and was purchased in Germany. The farmers all made money last summer raising beets in the Platte valley, and next year millions of acres in that valley and in the Jim River valley, Dakota, will go into the beet sugar industry. They are putting up other beet sugar factories in Lincoln and Norfolk, Nebraska; Sioux City, Iowa, and in Aberdeen, Dakota. I believe the Platte and Jim River valleys will supply all the white sugar the country will want in less than five years. Germany is making her own sugar, and the percentage of sugar in her beets is five per cent less than in the Nebraska beets."

"And the next industry?"

"It is the new impetus given by the tariff to flax raising and manufacturing. We have always thrown away our flax fibre. Now Minnesota capital and Glasgow skill are building a large flax factory in Minneapolis. Two small flax factories for making towels, sheets and table cloths are being operated in Northern Iowa. Thousands of farmers are putting wheat land into flax, and linen making is becoming an American industry. We have been spending twenty millions of dollars annually, in Ireland, France and Germany for linen, and throwing our flax away, after making linseed oil out of the seed. Now, the tariff on oil and linen makes the industry profitable here."

"What about wool in the Northwest?"

"The whole country from Bismarck to Mendon is going into it. Millions of acres of wheat land will go into sheep this year. On the train coming down from Fargo were 100 horses which never did anything but work in the wheat fields. They were going to Ohio to be changed for sheep—South Downs, good for food and wool."

"What will be the result of all this?"

"Why, we will not have this surplus of 70,000,000 bushels of wheat to sell in England at $1 a bushel. In two years we will eat up all our surplus wheat, and then it will go to $1 a bushel in Dakota, a price that it is worth for food, and the American farmer will be on top again. Good times are coming for the farmer. I can see it. Land is stiffening up all over the West. Farms are going out of the market. The tariff of 20 cents a bushel will keep back 10,000,000 bushels of Manitoba wheat made on cheap $1-an-acre land, and make it go out by Quebec."

"But there is more public land?"

"No, not wheat land nor corn land. It is about all taken. What is left is beyond the rain belt. The farmer has been for fifteen years the under dog in the fight. Now he is coming to the front. He begins to feel rich already. The tide has turned. Farming is paying better and better every day. It has been this 70,000,000 surplus bushels of wheat, which had to go to 60 cents in Dakota before it could displace the cheap India wheat in England, which has kept the farmer poor.

"Besides this," continued Mr. Landon, "thousands of new industries are springing up to employ more labor—plush factories in Delaware and in other towns in Pennsylvania, plate glass factories in Butler and all over the natural gas regions, silk factories at Honesdale and Scranton, and more potteries in Trenton and East Liverpool. These laborers will be well paid and they will eat more flour and meat than idle men. I say, give this abused and misunderstood tariff a trial!"

Disobliging.

VanBrush—"Your picture has been rejected at the exhibition, Daubley."

Daubley—"Oh, hang it!"

VanBrush—"But that's just what they wouldn't do."—West Shore.

Contrary to Precedent.

"Well," said Mr. Hojack, "young Mr. Trotter is in the toils at last. I understand he is engaged to—"

"He won't like that," replied Hojack, interrupting, "he always objected to toil of all kinds."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

—For scrofula in every form Hood's Sarsaparilla is a radical, reliable remedy. It has an unequalled record of cures.

MONEY can be earned at our NEW line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new lead, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

PLEASED WITH THE CHINA SETS.

Below we give a number of extracts from letters written by those who have obtained one or the other of the china sets as premiums for clubs for THE BLADE:

LOOGOOTEE, IND.—The dinner set we received is all that you claim for it, and fully up to expectations.—J. C. TRUEBLOOD, P. M.

BENTON HARBOR, MICH., Dec. 18.—The Blade tea set No. 2 came all right. It is better than was expected, and consequently we are well pleased. Long live THE BLADE! —D. R. MCCLURE.

ELMWOOD, ILL., Dec. 12.—I received the No. 1 tea set November 28. Am very much pleased with it, could not be otherwise, as it is all it is represented to be, and I think I am much more than paid for my work. The greater number of the names of the club were received in one afternoon.—MRS. G. W. MCCANN.

DORCAS, NEB., Dec. 22.—The 56-piece tea set arrived all sound. It is fully worth a few hours' work soliciting subscriptions, and freight, and makes a good Christmas gift.—FRANK J. BRAZDA.

NILES, O., Dec. 25.—The tea set arrived all O. K., and my wife is very much pleased with the same; thinks it grand, and it certainly should be an inducement to other ones to raise a club for your paper.—E. WHITEHOUSE.

OXFORD, Ia., Dec. 25.—The Blade tea set No. 2 received on time and in perfect order. They are very handsome. Success to the good old BLADE!—GEO. W. DOUGLASS.

PHILLIPSBURG, Pa., Dec. 23.—I received the dinner set No 3. I was about 4 hours raising the club of twenty. I raised it for a birthday present for my wife. She is very much pleased with it; it was very nice and good ware; it was carefully packed and nothing broke; paid 51 cents freight. The subscribers are all well pleased with THE BLADE.—D. B. PATRICK.

NORTH MANCHESTER, Ind., Dec. 26.—The dishes came yesterday. We like them very much. My wife is well pleased, but declares she is going to have the balance, making the complete set.—E. N. RAGER.

LAPORTE CITY, Iowa, Dec. 27.—I wish to inform you of the safe arrival of the "China" set, 108 pieces, and must say I am more than pleased. Accept thanks.—DR. H. L. MOAK.

WHITNEY, Kan., Dec. 26.—I received the tea set Saturday, the 20th, and am well pleased, and now I am going to see what I can do for the No. 4 China sets, 28 pieces. I was busy getting up the other club, and all new names in the one. Now what is the best you can do? Will you allow me the extra name I sent to go in with this club? Please say what you can do.—MRS. J. E. HOAGLAND.

CUMBERLAND, O., Dec. 24.—I received the dishes on December 18. Am well pleased with them. There were no pieces broken; freight, 75 cents. I don't know just how long I was in getting up the club; just worked at odd times. I feel well paid for my trouble, and think I shall try it again. I received premium No. 4.—MRS. E. W. BAY.

HOWBERT, Col., Dec. 26.—The tea set just received a short time ago, and I am well pleased with it. It excels what I supposed it would be. It took me about two weeks to raise the club, but if I had started out and canvassed regularly it wouldn't have taken a week to have raised it.—MRS. E. M. ROBBINS.

We have received similar letters during the past week from Mrs. S. N. Crane, Maquoketa, Iowa; Mrs. Chas. Roberts, Espyville, Pa.; Nora L. Shockey, Silverton, W. Va.; J. R. Main, Shipton, Kan.; Mrs. H. M. Ryder, Marshall, Mich.; W. L. Garrison, Durango, Colo.; Mrs. Cynthia Hannah, West Plains, Mo.; Laura Priest, Dugall, Pa.

Opinion of a Rival.

Miss A Sharp—I feel saddest when I sing.
Miss High C—So does the audience.—[Boston Herald.

"A Few" applications of "Footine" cures Chilblains and the disease that causes the odor of the feet and arm-pits; 50 cents by mail. Manufactured by B. V. LUDLUM & CO., Swanton, O.

OUR CLUB LIST

We have arranged to Club THE BLADE with either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

	Their Price.	With BLADE.
WEEKLIES.		
Harper's Bazar	$4 00	$4 25
Harper's Weekly	4 00	4 25
Scientific American	3 00	3 65
Waverly Magazine	4 00	4 55
Chicago Advance	2 50	3 05
Am. Bee Journal	1 00	1 90
Orange Judd Farmer	1 00	1 80
Rural New Yorker	2 00	2 50
MONTHLIES.		
Wide Awake	3 00	3 40
St. Nicholas	3 00	3 55
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 05
Phrenological Journal	2 00	2 55
Our Little Ones	1 50	2 10
Arthur's Home Magazine	2 00	2 50
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 25
Brainard's Musical World	1 50	2 00
Leslie's Popular Monthly	3 00	3 40
Leslie's Sunday Magazine	2 50	3 00
Harper's Monthly	4 00	4 05
Godey's Lady Book	2 00	2 45
The Century	4 00	4 55
Scribner's Monthly	3 00	3 50
Harper's Young People	2 00	2 60

We stipulate that we must receive AT THE SAME time one subscriber to THE BLADE for each copy of any other paper ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, or even to the same postoffice.

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

THE BLADE
WASHING MACHINE

It is only after careful consideration, and through testing the machine, that we have concluded to offer our subscribers the Blade Washer. Thousands have been made and sold during the past two years in Northwestern Ohio and throughout the United States, and we are satisfied to recommend and endorse them. It is the only perfect machine on the market, and saves time, labor, soap and clothing. Directions accompany each machine. The retail price of this Machine is $7.00. We, however, offer to send one of these Machines by freight to any address, and also a copy of the Weekly Blade one year for only $5.00; or, we will give a Machine free to any person sending us ten subscribers for the Weekly Blade one year and $10. The entire club of ten to be sent at one time. The Washer is carefully boxed or crated, and shipped by freight. The purchaser paying freight on receipt of Machine. The freight charges will be but a trifle. Address

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

GOODBOOKS

Published by the Toledo Blade Co.

REDUCED PRICES.

In order to reduce the stock on hand we mark down the price of books of our own publication to cost of manufacturing and postage. The books by this list cannot be obtained elsewhere, and after a year or two spring most of them will be out of print. Subscribers in renewing for THE BLADE should take the opportunity to possess one of these books. For a brief time we offer with or without THE BLADE, at the following prices:

"HEALTH AND BEAUTY," by Miss Emily S. Bouton, cloth. Retail price, $1.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year for $1.85.

"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE," by Miss Emily S. Bouton, cloth. Retail price, $1.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year, for $1.85.

Address,

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

LADY Agents $10 a day SURE; new rubber undergarment. MRS. N. B. LITTLE, Chicago, Ill.

LADIES' Princess Shields, pat., 50c. 3for $1. Silent assistant, 50c. Gem Imp. Co., Chicago, Ill.

MONEY

can be earned at our NEW line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new lead, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Publishers' Column.

OUR NEW PICTURES.

We have just received, and are now ready to mail, two new pictures, *in colors*, which we will send to subscribers to THE BLADE, each carefully inclosed in a heavy pasteboard tube, postpaid, for 25 cents each. They are the following:

"Napoleon at Friedland, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonnier, the original of which belonged to A. T. Stewart, of New York, and was bought at the sale of his collection by Judge Hilton for $80,000, and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in that city. It is the most wonderful painting of a battle scene ever produced on canvas, and represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite and superb regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland.

The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors, faithfully reproducing the detail, brilliancy and sentiment of the original. Price 25 cents.

"Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is in colors, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $130,000. It represents the Savior brought to the Prætorium, or residence of the Roman governor, Pilate, at Jerusalem. He stands erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on Pilate's face Around him crowd the rabble of Jerusalem. On Pilate's right stands Caiaphas, the high priest; on his left, two elders, watching the proceedings. Through the whole picture are groups of figures and faces reflecting the emotions that animate each.

The copy we offer is 17x24 inches, in colors; the price has hitherto been $1, but our price is 25 cents.

Address THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published five different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices.

Any one portrait..... 25c
The three generals..... 50c
The entire set of five..... 80c

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in every family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE GREATEST VIOLONCELLO.

It Is an Elevated Steel Railroad Bridge Near Philadelphia.

While walking along the new elevated tracks of the Pennsylvania railroad this morning, says a writer in the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, as a train passed over it at a fair rate of speed, the steel work gave forth a distinct musical sound, as though a great violoncello were stretched from Henderson to Monmouth street. There was no tremble or jar, or click at the rail joints. Indeed, the sound did not come from the rails, but from the steel girders and pillars, and continued until the locomotive had struck the solid ground six blocks above. The sound is an octave above the deep bass of Niagara Falls.

With a long vestibule train the effect will be startling. I venture to predict that the dwellers along the line will not complain of the noise of the passing trains, for, though somewhat loud, it is yet harmoniously musical. Hence it will not disturb anybody.

His Reason.

Sentimental Maiden—"There goes Jack's wife; she is never happy when Jack is out of her sight. Is it because she loves him so much?"

Experienced Widow—"No. It's because she knows him so well."—[Exchange.

Publishers' Column.

OUR NEW PICTURES.

We have just received, and are now ready to mail, two new pictures, *in colors*, which we will send to subscribers to THE BLADE, each carefully inclosed in a heavy pasteboard tube, postpaid, for 25 cents each. They are the following:

"Napoleon at Friedland, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonnier, the original of which belonged to A. T. Stewart, of New York, and was bought at the sale of his collection by Judge Hilton for $80,000, and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in that city. It is the most wonderful painting of a battle scene ever produced on canvas, and represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite and superb regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland.

The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors, faithfully reproducing the detail, brilliancy and sentiment of the original. Price 25 cents.

"Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is in colors, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $130,000. It represents the Savior brought to the Prætorium, or residence of the Roman governor, Pilate, at Jerusalem. He stands erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on Pilate's face Around him crowd the rabble of Jerusalem. On Pilate's right stands Caiaphas, the high priest; on his left, two elders, watching the proceedings. Through the whole picture are groups of figures and faces reflecting

THE NEW YEAR COMETH.

What it Brings to One and All—The Time to Talk With Ourselves—Some Questions to be Asked and Answered.

NEW YEAR bells are ringing! Away off in the distance, faint but sweet, then drawing nearer and nearer, their tones growing deeper and stronger, until eighteen hundred and ninety is swallowed up in the past and eighteen hundred and ninety-one is here.

A happy, happy New Year! What do the words hold for you as they strike upon your ear? What do you mean when you utter them to others? They may contain much, or they may be utterly barren. Does your heart grow warm and earnest with its desire that through the year just dawned, the best of everything may come to each one individually? And what does the "best" mean? Is it wholly and entirely riches and honor, and happiness as the world names its enjoyments, or do you ask that those things may reach them which may best forward their mental and spiritual growth; may lift them into a higher and purer atmosphere; may strengthen their love for humanity; may make them forget self in a recognition of their duties to others? If the latter, then indeed do you wish them a happy New Year in the fullest and completest sense of the words.

What did the beautiful Christmas season say to you, with its "Peace on Earth," and its "Good Will to Men," that has come down through eighteen hundred years, with just the same force as when first uttered? Was your heart filled with peace—the peace that passeth all understanding? Did good will toward all enter in to reign a growing power thereafter? If these things be true, then are you indeed prepared to meet the New Year armored so that the

"Quips and cranks and wanton smiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles"

of Fortune will affect you little, whether bestowed in their largeness or withheld utterly.

The New Year is a good time to make good resolutions. To be broken, do you say? That depends upon yourself; upon the earnestness with which they are made; upon the effort which you put forth to carry them into execution! You may make them depending entirely upon yourself, upon your own strength to do or undo, and you will fail. Human will-power can do much, but it alone cannot make you or me good and true, generous, forbearing, self-sacrificing—all that the ideal man or woman should be. There must be an asking of the Infinite for help for inspiration, not in a set form of words, necessarily, not in what is commonly named prayer, but in the thought of dependence upon the Supreme; of faith in His willingness to uphold; of confidence in the love that rules the universe.

The New Year is a good time to talk matters over with yourself. Represent them as they are without fear or favor, and then let your better self decide what course you are to take during the coming year. Ask yourself what your besetting sin is; where you are most likely to fail; in what you are most lacking; and then listen quietly and meekly for the answer. It will come; never fear. Do not attempt to argue that still, small voice down; do not try to flatter yourself that there is a mistake somewhere. There is none. Whatever *that* voice says is true. Self-love, conceit, vanity may try to tell you pretty stories, but close your ears to them and listen to the gentle whisperings of the inward monitor that would lead you aright.

What is the temptation to which you most readily yield? Are you severe in your judgment of your neighbors? When you hear them decried, is your first thought one of belief or denial? Do you like to repeat the decrying to others, thus helping to send the evil thought upon its way to do its work, or are you ready to try by a charitable word, to kill its power? Talk it over with yourself, and see if this sin be yours.

How does the New year find you in your social relations? Are you inclined to be envious and jealous of those who are more prosperous in the world's way than you? Are you just as attentive to your poorer neighbor as to your richer; just as kind, just as thoughtful for those who can make you no return, as for the one whom you fancy can assist you to a higher position in the world's eye? Are your good words and pleasant smiles as ready and heartsome for the social "nobodies" as for the "somebodies?" Face yourself with these questions, and take the answers which may come without flinching.

You who are in the business world, how is it with you in this opening of the year eighteen hundred and ninety-one? Are you honest and honorable in your relations with all around you? You who are employers, do you always hold that the laborer is worthy of his hire and act accordingly? Are you just and considerate in your dealings with those who do your bidding? Are you careless of their well being, inconsiderate in your ways, oppressive in your treatment? Do you forget that with whatsoeve measure you mete shall be measured to you again so surely as the sun rises and sets?

And you who are employed—are you instant in season and out of season in your duties? Is yours an eye service, or do you work as well in your employer's absence as in his presence? Do you give of your best effort in your labor, using energy and intelligence so far as you are possessed of them in what you are paid for doing? Do not fail to talk with yourselves, you who employ, and you who are employed, and listen for the answer.

Are you irritable, giving quick words, that cut and bruise, to those who love you? Are you moody, throwing stormy shadows over those who venture into your presence? Do you seek always your own comfort, your own pleasure, regardless of others? Do you carry your own annoyances, your own griefs, around with you, ready to cast them upon any one unfortunate enough to come within your reach? Put these queries to yourself and await the reply.

Yes, it is well to enter into communion with ourselves in the opening of the New Year, to bravely face our sins of commission and omission, and resolve to step forward and upward during the days that are to follow. It is well, even though we make a disgraceful failure. It is well to become conscious of how much we lack of reaching that standard of perfection which is humanity's ultimate goal. It is well, even if it be only for an hour, to feel an aspiration towards the better part of life, to realize the possibilities of good that are within the grasp of each and every one of us, though we may crush out the thought through the remaining hours of the year.

The New Year's bells are ringing all over the world, and the sound brings to us what we will—peace or disquiet, contentment or unrest, joy or sadness—all are largely within our own control. The mind our kingdom is, and it is in the mind that peace, and contentment, and joy will find their homes at last, if we but open the doors and bid them welcome.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Blade Courses of Reading.

Last week the course of American history reached through the Revolutionary period. The next one is that of the Mexican war which will only need one or two books for you to obtain a knowledge of its causes and of the principal events. For this purpose a good general history of Mexico will be best. So we will take:

1.—"Mexico," in Putnam's "Story of the Nations," by Susan Hale.....$1 50
2.—Life of General Winfield Scott, by Edward Mansfield..... 1 25

Next will come the Civil War, which is so recent that it is still fresh in the memory of a majority of our people, and yet, as a whole, comprehending the causes that led up to it, and its effect upon the country, is not clearly understood by the many. There is so great a variety of books, by good authors, relating to this subject, that it is difficult to make a choice for a short and comprehensive course, but the following will, at least, prove interesting and beneficial:

1.—"A Short History of the War of Secession," by Rossiter Johnson.....$8 00
2.—"Ulysses S. Grant," by W. O. Stoddard..... 1 25
3.—"Facing the Enemy," by W. O. Stoddard..... 1 25
4.—"Fighting Phil," by W. O. Stoddard.. 1 25

This is a general course which is good and somewhat exhaustive. What, however, I like better, though the works are claimed to have been written for young people entirely, is the following by Charles Carleton Coffin:

1.—"Drum-Beat of the Nation".....$3
2.—"Marching to Victory"..... 3
3.—"Redeeming the Republic"..... 3
4.—"Freedom Triumphant"..... 3

Then, if you want to take up the lives of the military leaders, you can use those given above, or you can get the "Personal Memoirs" of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan.

Another charming work to take for this course, covering everything needful and a most valuable addition to a library, is "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," in three volumes, published by The Century Co. They are well written and well illustrated and are trustworthy. The expense is, however, considerable, as they cost about $20.

The following are very good novels to take in this connection: Captain King's "A War Time Wooing;" S. W. Mitchell's "Roland Blake" and "In War Time" and Hosmer's "As We Went Marching On," each costing $1.25.

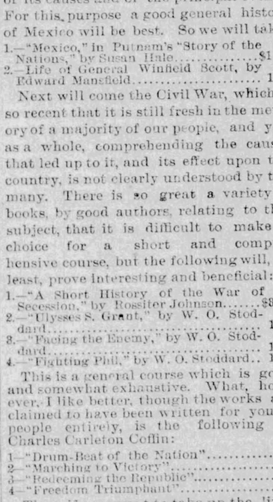
These are only a few of the excellent works that might be given in this connection.

This is the last of the courses which will be given at present, unless requests are made for something in a special direction. That the books chosen are well adapted to the purpose is well assured, as the editor, in making the selection, had the most efficient assistance of the accomplished librarian of the Toledo Public Library, Mrs. F. D. Jermain, a lady thoroughly versed in the best of both home and foreign literature.

By mistake the price of two of the books given last week was omitted. They were $1.25 each.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

SPOOL AND BUTTON BAG.—Cut a piece of stiffening the shape of the illustration and cover it both sides smoothly. Make it about 8 inches long and 5 across the bottom. Have a piece of silk either plain as shown, with a spray of flowers painted or embroidered upon it, or the figured India silks that are so pretty. Sew it across the bottom and up the sides and



then put an elastic in the top to gather it to the width of the under piece. Now have a strip of plain silk, if you have used the figured above, or vice versa, an inch and a half wide and one and a half times the width of the bottom in length. Divide this into three parts, gather one side and sew to the lower edge, and gather upon an elastic at the top, then fasten down in two places as represented. If the strip is plain the numbers can be etched upon each little bag.

SACHET BAG.—Get the prettiest little doll that you can find. Make a little round nest with wool wadding, which you have sprinkled with sachet powder. A little piece of wire in the bottom will hold it in shape. Fasten the baby in this, then make a long bag of silk, slip the body in that and let it come to the chin, where it should be drawn up and secured, leaving a frill to fall down upon the inside. Have ribbons to hang it up by.

Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., for Fancy Work and House Decoration, No. 8.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; o 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

DIAMOND-EDGE LACE—Cast on 15 stitches. 1st row—sl 1—k 1—o twice and p 2 tog twice—2 plain—o twice and k 2 tog 3 times—k 1 plain; 2d row—k 3 plain—p 1—k 2 plain—o 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—t o twice and p 2 tog twice—k 3 plain; 3d row—sl 1—k 1—o twice and p 2 tog twice—k remainder stitches plain; 4th row—k 12 stitches plain—o twice and p 2 tog twice—k 2; 5th row—s 1—k 1—o twice and p 2 tog twice—k 2—o twice and k 2 tog—k remainder stitches plain; 6th row—k 10 stitches plain—p 1—k 2—o twice—p 2 tog twice—k 2; 7th row—sl 1—k 1—o twice—p 2 tog twice—k remainder stitches plain; 8th row—k 13 stitches plain—o twice and p 2 tog twice—k 2; 9th row—sl 1—k 1—o twice and p 2 tog twice—k 2—o twice—k 2 tog twice—k remainder stitches plain; 10th row—k 9 stitches plain—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—o twice and p 2 tog twice—k 2; 11th row—sl 1—k 1—o twice and p 2 tog twice—k remainder stitches plain; 12th row—sl first st—k second—s first o the second until 6 stitches are narrowed—k 8 plain—o twice and p 2 tog twice—k 2. There are now 15 stitches; repeat from first row.

CRESCENT LACE.—Some one desires the directions for crescent lace. I will give them. This pattern is nice knit of yarn or of thread. Make a chain of nineteen stitches, and in these make twenty-three long stitches by throwing the thread over the needle four times; turn on the reverse side and work a row of double crochet, increasing to thirty-one; turn again and work another row of single crochet; fasten; make a number of these. As they are made in the form of a horseshoe, join with a needle and thread a short distance from the end of each.—LOTTIE BESS.

Correspondence.

THE LIGHTS OF THE CITY.

The lights of the city are scattered afar,
They glisten, and glow, and quiver.
They shine on the storm wracked above
And gleam on the gliding river.

Bright beacons of guiding, and warning, set
In their stations, are steadily burning.
And forge and factory flash with flame
Where the busy wheels are turning.

In the homes of the city, the house lamps burn,
With beams that are warm and golden;
And the busy marts are all aflame
With the lightnings chained and holden.

The lights of the city are shining clear
Despite its sin and its sorrow,
And bridge the dark from the close of day
To the dawn of the coming morrow.

Oh people of God, "let your light so shine,"
And illumine the gospel story
That was told, when the bright star of Bethlehem shone
'Till the dawn of millennial glory.

Toledo, Ohio. ELLEN A. LUTZ.

ABOUT CARD PLAYING.—"Will some one give the rules for Waleedi, the new game that is all the rage in Chicago?" We read a question something like that in a BLADE of recent date. What a pity that card playing should be the rage in Chicago or any other place. Yes, we know it is fashionable. It is getting to be fashionable for church members to play cards. We heard a lady (a popular member of a fashionable church) say that "it was quite the thing for church members to play cards."

Does that make it right?

They may be members of the church. Their names may be enrolled on the church books. But is that all that is required of them? Are their names written in "Lamb's Book of Life?" Are they the children of the "Most High?" Some of those "church members" are mothers of boys. And as a rule their boys know more of cards than of their bibles. They can tell you all about the new games that "are all the rage." They know all about an "ace," a "king," a "queen." But ask them what they must do to inherit eternal life, can they tell you?

We have heard mothers say: "They would rather their boys would play cards at home than away from home." What a miserable excuse! Why not allow boys to swear at home, or drink whisky at home? Why not teach them to lead pure and useful lives at home by our example and influence? Teach them to "abstain from all appearance of evil," and then when they get into bad company away from home the memory of home will help to keep them right. Card players say: "There is no more harm in a social game of cards than any other innocent game." We all know this to be true to a certain extent. We know, too, that it is the association of the euchre deck that makes those kind of cards disgraceful. We would rather see a pack of dirty, greasy cards in the house of a dirty, ragged, drunken gambler (where such such cards belong), than to see an elegant card case filled with the spotted things on the parlor table of a Christian (?) home. There is nothing about the poor drunken wretch or his dirty cards to attract or allure the young to follow his example.

It is the clean (?) cards in the beautiful case on mother's table, and the elegant card parties given by the fashionable people, that makes card playing so attractive. Who is to blame if our boys become gamblers? It is the "wolf in sheep's clothing" that leads to harm.

O, that another kind of a "rage" would break out among the people—a rage to go about doing good; to endeavor to lead higher, nobler lives; to strive more earnestly to follow in the footsteps of the blessed Master.

If Christian people perform all their religious duties; if they use to the best of their ability the talents that have been given them, and devote as much time as they should to their daily devotions, they will not find much time or inclination for card playing. Is it right to play cards? Now is there any harm in it. But is there any good? Is it an evil that ought to be done away with? Or has it a tendency to elevate one? And does it help a fashionable Christian on their way to heaven?—E. P. K.

HOMESTEAD HOMES.—Across the many hundred miles of weary distance, I reach to offer a sympathetic handclasp to the Kansas women who have dared to tell the truth about their "Homestead" homes. It seems to be the fashion nowadays to tell only of the bright places, smooth paths, and good times generally, while the shady places, rough places, and muddy places are to be ignored—at least "in polite society." Yet these lie all along life's pathway, and the poor people at least, may not shun them. They have to be lived clear through, and every bit of courage and endurance is needed. Not even the government gives us "something for nothing." If you live on your homestead the required five years, be sure you will earn all you get. And the "proving up" fees are no joke when a man must go away from home to earn the very bread that is eaten there.

The wife and mother who "holds down" a claim, sees many a long, hard day of toil; many a long, desolate night when the problems of existence chase sleep from her eyes. A poor shelter is better than none, as some of us know, but if food and fuel and clothing be lacking, all the "make believes" in the world will not cover the tiny toes, or warm the shivering little bodies—will not turn the scanty fare into sufficient or nourishing food, or furnish medicine for the baby moaning in its cradle. A woman who endures all the inevitable hardships of pioneer life, who bravely does her duty as wife and mother, surely earns heaven and deserves to have a little of it in this life.

People who have money enough to go into the wilderness and live in comfort, have money enough to stay out of such places. But whether they go into the forest to "new out a home," or out on the prairie to dig out one, it requires superhuman strength to see only the bright side of life, and there is unlimited room to pity the women and children. But some one remarks crossly, "They have no business to take children into such places?" And another adds, under the breath, "no business to have so many youngsters if they haven't the means to take proper care of them!" Pre-cise-ly! But the helpless little ones do exist by the thousands, and the ranks are always full, and what are you going to do about it?

There is vast need of help and sympathy, and a great deal of work to which the King's Daughters might well give a thought. Don't imagine for one moment that the people who live such bare, hard lives are beggers in any sense of the term. You could not make a greater mistake. Their pride and sturdy independence is quite equal to your own. But the truly kind-hearted will find ways to gladden and help, and will receive sincerest appreciation. A cheery, kindly letter will carry more comfort than the writer can ever know. Papers and magazines afford more real pleasure than can possibly be comprehended by city people. As to the real aid given by little bundles and bigger boxes of clothing—there is so much to be said I do not dare begin. My heart aches as I contrast many homes around me, and think of the good things that are laid aside, hung or thrown away, in more fortunate places. But I confess this is one phase of the business that is difficult to handle with satisfaction to all parties. But, if really wanted, ways can be found to cheer and brighten many a heart and home.

I have no fault to find with "Buckeye Nell" and others like her, save as they pose for what they are not. And most certainly they are not typical Homesteaders. They are simply women who have some means, a deal of "clear grit" and are smart enough to make a good business use of both. They don't "go West" to make permanent homes. Not much! They mean to hold their claims until they can sell for enough to take them back East where they can live at ease, and entertain friends with stories of "adventures and hardships I endured while holding my claim." Six out of every ten will form a life partnership with some fine fellow who has taken the adjoining quarter section, or will turn over the care of her own to one who will return thanks for a good wife, and slip into the nest made ready. That is just what *their* ventures amount to! It does seem almost a pity that the hardships of frontier life cannot be relegated to the unmarried men and women who have health, strength and cash. But the trouble is the home is not complete without the little ones, and they insist on being counted in—and they pay their way as they go. "Macedonia" is just over the line.—BOUGHT EXPERIENCE.

Inquiries.

Will "Dreda Dominy" tell something about the culture of the ground cherry, whether the seeds can be obtained at the florists, or where?—MRS. R. H.

Will some one tell me where I can get information of any society for ladies that gives a life insurance, or a certain amount at death? I think it just as important for some women to have life insurance as men; that is, for their children's sake. If there are such organizations, please name the best ones.—MRS. C. E. H., Kan.

You will find an article in regard to insurance for women in THE BLADE HOUSEHOLD of December 18, with address, by which further information can be obtained.—ED.

I would like if some one of the readers of THE BLADE would send a recipe for making "Graham gems," without eggs and with eggs. Also, would they please give a recipe for a Christmas pudding (plum)?—MRS. C. F. H.

Will some one please give directions through your paper for braiding or tying a fish net.—I. V. H.

Will some one who has tried it, give directions for preserving eggs in lime water, the quantity of lime needed, etc.? How long will the eggs keep after being taken out?—EVA WILLIAMSON.

Will some kind reader of THE BLADE please give me some information in regard to silk worm culture? Where can I procure the eggs? How are they hatched and what kind of leaves must they have for food? Any information on the subject will be gratefully received by —GRANDMA.

Answers to Inquiries.

N. B. L.:—Your question has been asked before in the HOUSEHOLD, but the address was not returned. The writer of the letter evidently does not want any correspondents.

MRS. C. M. B.:—No offers of exchanges are allowed in the HOUSEHOLD.

I will tell the Sisters of a splendid way to wash blankets and all other flannel. If the water is soft, add one tablespoonful of ammonia to the tub of water; if hard it will require more. This will take that sticky feeling out of blankets, and make them soft and white. Wash in the usual way.—ELSIE HAMILTON.

"Dora Hoffman" wants help for "insomnia." If she will try a cup of hot milk (not boiled) just before she retires will find it a help, and if persisted in, a cure.

H. E.:—Try flower of hops for nervousness.

The question was asked in the summer, what to do for weak eyes. Not seeing an answer will give the advice of an eminent New York oculist. Rub the best brandy that you can get around the eyes. Be careful not to get in the eyes, as it smarts.—M. E.

I will answer S. Thomas in regard to stove paint, by copying a piece I have pasted in my scrap book. I have not tried it, but thought I would some time: "A writer in an English magazine proposes instead of black-leading stoves and grates that they should be painted with water glass (silicate of potash), colored with pigment, the color desired. Before this is applied the iron must be thoroughly cleansed from grease and rust and all spots. Two or three coats of the paint may then be put on and allowed to dry, after which a fire may be lighted without fear of injury to the color, which may be exposed to red heat with impunity. Grease or milk spilled over the paint has no effect on it, and it may be kept clean by washing with soap and water. It is said a good coating of this paint will last a year or two." My husband thinks it would be impossible to get all the rust from an old stove.

To answer H. E. I will say, take extract of valerian, or diocerea, or skullcap, either is good.—MRS. P. PARIS.

E. D. Wyman:—It is impossible for us to publish the poem you ask for, much as we should like to oblige you. So many such requests are made that we are compelled to refuse all.—ED.

Please tell "Pacific Coast" to use the following for incontinence of urine: Chloral hydrate, 2 drchs; syrup tolu, 2 oz.; water, 2 oz; mix. Dose—One tablespoonful at bed time. The recipe is good, for I have used it in my own family, and have given it to others with good results in each instance.—J. W. ROWLAND.

If I am not too late, may I please come in just long enough to say to "Sarah Jane," of her remarks in the Thanksgiving number, "Them's my sentiments."—L. N.

Recipes.

ORANGE CAKE.—One cupful sugar; one-half cupful butter; one half cupful sweet milk; two cup'uls flour; 3 eggs; one and one half teaspoonfuls baking powder; bake in jelly tins.

ORANGE FROSTING.—One orange; grate off outside, mix with juice; add sugar until quite stiff. The above should make four layers.—MRS. C. F. HEARL.

DORA'S BLACK CAKE.—One teacupful sugar; ½ of butter; 1 of milk; 1 of molasses; 4 of flour, heaping full; 3 eggs; 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, and raisins, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—One pint flour; 1 egg; 3 tablespoonfuls butter; 1 cupful sugar; 1 cupful sweet milk; 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake 20 minutes in shallow pans. Sauce to your fancy.—MRS. C. M. BETTS.

TO REMOVE ANY KIND OF GREASE.—2 ozs. aqua ammonia; 1 oz. variegated shaving soap; 1 teaspoonful saltpetre; 1 qt. soft water. Dissolve soap in water by heating together, and add to it the saltpetre and ammonia, having first rolled the saltpetre until fine.—E. BELL.

A CHEAP PAINT FOR WINDOW FRAMES, DOORS, WASHBOARDS, ETC.—Select any color of diamond dye, empty the dye in a vessel, put in water to make as much paint as is required, one-fourth as much turpentine as water, a little linseed oil; apply with a brush. Shuck frames may be thus colored and appear very handsome, also dry flowers, such as grasses and leaves, may be painted and make lovely bouquets for winter.—LONE STAR.

A REMEDY FOR NERVOUSNESS.—Take about ¼ teaspoonful of sal-amoniac, dissolve in a glass of water. Take one or more teaspoonfuls of the mixture every ten or fifteen minutes until relieved. Lie down and take a nap, if possible; read something soothing, or take a walk. Do not know that this is a cure, but it is a great relief. Also good for nervous headache and neuralgia.

A persistant use of electricity is claimed by some to be of more permanent benefit than any other known remedy. A medical battery can be obtained of any drug store for from $5 to $25. Any of them are good. Care must be taken not to give the system a shock by using it too strong. It should be taken very mildly at first, increasing the force as the system becomes accustomed to it. If there is any heart trouble, electricity should not be used without consulting a physician; otherwise it is harmless.—A. V.

FOR PLEASURE SEEKERS.

SOME EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

Some Games That May be Played—Amusement for Children and Grown People—Laugh and be Merry.

"Tell us something to do for an evening's entertainment, both for grown up people and for children," writes a BLADE correspondent, and so we have gathered together various things from different sources, and here is the result:

Suppose you give an orange tea-party. Trim the house with the color of the orange. Make mock oranges and hang wherever you can. Have a real orange tree if possible, but if not, an evergreen of good shape decked with orange colored ribbons and the fruit itself, hung by tying a thread around the head of a tack, and then forcing the tack into the core of the orange.

In the tea room, set the table as prettily as possible, using nothing but orange color for decoration. Let those who serve the tea be dressed in orange and black and with Normandy caps of the same colors. Limit the refreshments to tea with fancy crackers. The tea must, however, be the best that it is possible to make. The guests can go into this room for the "beverage that cheers but does not inebriate" at any time.

Near the tea table have another one decorated in the same way, and by this let there sit a sibyl or fortune teller, dressed also in black and orange, who will tell the fortune by the grounds in the teacup of any who bring to her as proof of their right, an orange from the tree marked in any way with the number seven. The sibyl needs to be quick-witted and imaginative.

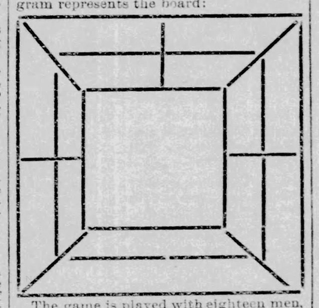
How do they get the number seven oranges? In this way. I told you that the tree was to be hung with real oranges. Upon a part of these the number seven is cut in the skin with a sharp pointed knife, but in a way not to show as they hang. Near the tree stands another orange and black sibyl. The guest who desires to try her fortune approaches and says:

Oh genius of the orange tree,
Give the magic seven to me.

Then the sibyl plucks an orange and hands it to the guest, who rejoices, if she is one of the lucky ones.

MORRIS.

The old, old game of Morris, or as some write it "Morrice," is sometimes introduced for the amusement of those who do not play cards. The following diagram represents the board:



The game is played with eighteen men, nine of a color. The object is to make rows of three men in a line, and to prevent your adversary from doing so. Each player puts down one man at a time, at the angles, or where the lines cross each other. If one manages to form a row, her opponents forfeits a man. When all the men have been placed, then the players begin to move along the line, but only from one point to the next each time. The object is still to make rows, and every time one player makes one he takes up one of his adversary's men. When either loses all of his men but two, the game is lost.

A morris board can be drawn upon card board and beans and corn used for the men. This little game was made the sport at a fashionable party, there being a considerable number of boards and the game played with partners, that is, four at a board, and made progressive with prizes. The hostess constructed her own boards, and cut the men out of red and white pasteboard, making them round and quite small. It gave something novel in place of cards and dancing.

PROGRESSIVE WORD GAMES.

These are for grown up people and may be employed to pass the time away at an evening gathering. One is quite old fashioned but very amusing. Slips of paper are handed to each one of the players, at the head of which is written some word containing quite a number of letters. Upon this slip is to be written all the other combinations which the writer can make in the time allowed—usually two or three minutes—and the winner is the one who has the most words that are not found upon any other list. No letter must be used twice, and abbreviations are excluded.

Four persons should be placed at each table and the same word given to all. The winners can move forward as they do in progressive euchre, and prizes offered for the one who wins the greatest number of times. Try this and see how you and your guests will grow interested.

Another word game played at tables and "progressing" in the same way, is described in *Entertainment*. Perhaps the rules as published there will explain it sufficiently:

1. Each player must be furnished with a sufficient number of letters turned the blank side up.

2. Each player, in his turn, puts a letter into the pool, and may form a word of not less that four letters from those thus collected, either before or after he adds a new letter. He may continue to draw new letters so long as he can make use of them in accordance with the rules of the game.

3. Each person may take away, and add to his own, any word which has been made by another person, if by adding one or more letters it can be turned into a radically different word. A word may not be taken away by changing a verb into its own participle, or a noun into its adjective, although one may make such changes in his own word if he pleases.

4. A player may take any word from another player which without adding a new letter, can, by changing the combination of letters, be made into a new word. A player may protect himself against this loss by declaring the words that can be so made, when the first combination of letters is laid upon the table. Rule 3 applies to all words thus declared.

5. No proper names, or abbreviations, or words not to be found in a standard dictionary, are allowed.

6. That player beats who first makes ten words; or, if preferred, he beats, who, after one of the party has made ten words, can count the greatest number of letters in his words.

7. As soon as the player has made ten words he calls attention to that fact and moves one table toward the head, and marks himself one.

8. Four persons play at a table.

9. The players remaining at the head table the longest receives the first prize.

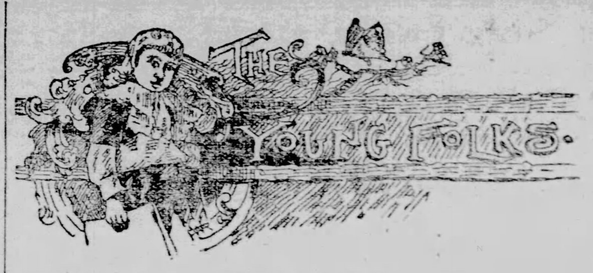
10. A gentleman must always give way to a gentleman and a lady to a lady.

The instance is given there of the four letters laid down in what is called the pool, happening to be r, s, o, p. One added e, but could spell nothing. The next one spelled "prose" and it counted her one. The third drew a t from her pile and laid it down, quickly changing prose into "presto." So it goes on until it goes around once without any new words being formed, when these letters are swept off into the piles and a new pool formed.

WOOL BALL GAME.

Here is some fun for the children. Seat them around a smooth table and have a little wool rolled into a ball, which is placed upon the table. Then the little folks begin blowing, each one trying to drive it from himself and off to the floor. Any one who is unlucky enough to let it pass by and escape is obliged to leave the table and stand close up to the wall. When all but two are in the row, then begins the next funny part of the play. Those who have stayed longest at the table, tell each one in turn of those standing, something that they must go and do, and there is no escape. When it is done, then they can sit down. It makes great fun.

FOR DERANGEMENTS OF THE BRAIN
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
Dr. D. P. BOULSTER, Augusta, Me., says: *"In functional derangements of the brain and nervous system, I have prescribed it with gratifying results."*



BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

CHARLOTTE, MICH.

Florence Ervay — Bertha Fullerton
Lewis Eastman,

SOLOMON CITY, KAS.

Rose M Vickers — Ada Searl
Maud Baker — Fannie Ramsdale
Minta Leslie — Maud Pinkham
Mamie Jewell — Rose L Rankin
Grace E Rankin — Delia A Rankin
Pearl Ramsdale — Effie Johnson
Jessie Johnson — Lelia Johnson
Abbie Cryderman — Mittie Dority
Bessie Dority — Effie Carter
Julia Kelley — Ada Kerr
Kate Kerr — Susie Baldwin

BUTLER, KAS.

Thyra Gibbens — Bertha Paden
Clyde Butler — Clara Butler
Elmer Meisenheimer — Floyd Travis
George Moore — Clarence Showalter
Asa Showalter — Fay Stubbs
Lily Stubbs — Rosa Butler
Virgia McKay — Isaac McKay
Mattie Meisenheimer — Estella Rea
Arta Rea — Grace Butler
Harlan Butler — Bertha Gibbens
Kate Gibbens

WHEATLAND, MO.

Ettie Morrison — George A Dent
Myrtle Frost — Lex Humble
Mabel Gist — W L Daugherty
Maggie Frost — Wina Slover
Ethie Humble — Ben Moser
Maudie Frost — Walter Powell
Myrtle F Dent — Jack Wilcoxen
Effie Powell — Walter Bailey
Hattie Jones — Harper Gardner
Laura Bailey — Susie Shoemaker
Gertrude McCasslin — Nellie Wilcoxen
Jennie Lutt — Ines Hargess
Orean F Kinney — Josie Lutt
Minnie Moser — Nora Gist
Rosa Bent — Harvey Gardner
Martha Lutt — Mary Scrivener
Roy Moore — Zipha Fisher
Elsa Hargess — Alva Fisher
Earnest Hargess — Emery Powell
Oma Powell — Ross Daugherty

Names this week, 86. Total, 80,112.
The above embraces all names received up to December 29.

The Little Fir-Trees.

Hey! little evergreens,
Sturdy and strong!
Summer and autumn-time
Hasten along.
Harvest the sunbeams, then,
Bind them in sheaves,
Hange them, and change them
To tufts of green leaves.
Delve in the mellow mold,
Far, far below,
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!
Grow, little evergreens, grow!

Up, up, so airily,
To the blue sky,
Lift up your leafy tips
Stately and high;
Clasp tight your tiny cones,
Tawny and brown;
By and by buffeting
Rains will pelt down;
By and by tutterly
Chill winds will blow;
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!
Grow, little evergreens, grow!

Gather all uppermost
Beauty, because—
Hark, till I tell it now!
Hoar mania Claus,
Out of the northern land,
Over the seas,
Soon shall come seeking you,
Evergreen trees!
Seek you with reindeers soon,
Over the snow;
And so,
Little evergreens grow!
Grow, grow!
Grow, little evergreens, grow!

What if the maples flare
Haunting and red,
You shall wear waxen white
Tapers instead!
What if now, otherwhere,
Birds are beguiled,
You shall yet nestle
The little Christ-child!
Ah, the strange splendor
The fir-trees shall know!
And so,
Little evergreens, grow!
Grow, grow!
Grow, little evergreens, grow!
—[Evaleen Stein, in December St. Nicholas.

WHO DID IT?

The Tragedy at the Old Well and How the Culprit Was Found.

BY WILLIAM DEAN RAMSAY.

JENNY WREN was much pleased when she found it. As her first little ones had been devoured by the cat, she was of course anxious, too fussy, indeed, Mr. Wren told her, to find a safe place this season to build her nest. But here was the very thing, secure and dry and so snug.

To tell the truth, the little birds did not know what it was for unless for a nest—this old iron kettle, half full of stones and twigs and leaves, hanging to the end of a long pole and covered with a lid in which was a small opening just big enough for a little bird but not big enough for a cat.

They had never before seen a well-sweep, and I am not sure that they would have known what it was meant to be if they had seen one. So they never dreamed that this cosy abode would go up and down as it did, and the first time this occurred the little wife was quite alarmed.

The family at the house must have been away from home, for the nest had been built and the eggs laid, and the pair were expecting very soon to hear the peep of the nestlings before any one came to draw water from the well. Then one morning when Mr. Wren was out getting breakfast for his mate the latter suddenly felt that the kettle, nest and all, was falling. She gave a little cry of affright and put her head out of the hole in the lid.

But she was not falling; she was going up. A rosy-cheeked girl grasped the other end of the pole, and when the kettle in which were the heavy stones and the twigs and leaves and the precious little eggs—when this began to go down again out came from the well a large oaken bucket brimming with water, clear and cool, and covered with rich green moss, sparkling with gem-like drops and dripping with silvery streams.

It made Jenny tuirsty simply to look at it, and when the girl had gone she left her nest for a moment to sip some of those glistening drops; she was so fond of bright things. Being, too, a rather curious little bird, she perched on the edge of the bucket to see if it were as pretty inside as out. But she was recalled to her duty by a somewhat sharp chirp from Mr. Wren, who had returned with her breakfast. Like most of his sex he was a little unreasonable, and he scolded Jenny for leaving her eggs when he was away. In fact, he kept up such a twittering as to attract the attention of an old cat, although she was blind of one eye and very deaf. Her senses were not so dulled, however, as to be shut to signs of supper, so she slyly tried her claws on the post that supported the well-sweep, and resolved to keep her eye on the kettle.

When the birds found, from time to time, that neither the nest nor its contents was disturbed by the motion of the sweep, they began to enjoy the ride up and down the swinging that followed. An apple tree shaded the well, and Mr. Wren, who, like others of his species, was a rather pert, bold little fellow, used often to stand on the top of the kettle while his end of the pole was up in the leafy canopy, and there he would tease his companions about the insecurity of their abodes compared with his, while Jenny, his mate, would be dreaming tender little dreams about the coming nestlings, and be wondering how they would like the rides and what they would think about the moss-covered bucket.

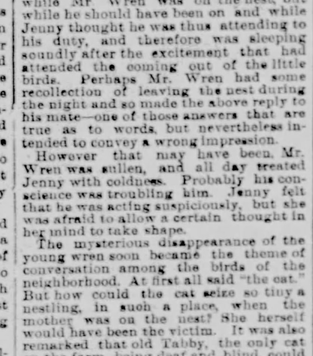
Now, before long, Jenny was happy and Mr. Wren was proud, for three little birds lay in the nest. They were not very pretty, it must be admitted, but their parents thought they were, so what difference did it make what public opinion might be?

"These we shall raise," said the mother blithely. "Nothing can harm them here."

"Yes," said the father, strutting about on the top of the kettle, "and this will be a first-class place to teach them to fly."

"The cat will have them all eaten before they're ready to fly," said a deep, solemn voice near by. On the apple tree above their heads sat a wise-looking owl, blinking ominously down upon the pair.

Mr. Wren immediately retired to the kettle, and then, putting his head out of the door addressed the bird of wisdom with an air of disdain: "Were I ever subject to fear, Mr. Owl," said he, "I would apprehend more danger from you than



from old Tabby, who is both blind and deaf. But neither feline nor bird of prey can terrify me and mine in this stronghold."

The owl flew away with his ghostly "hoo, hoo, hoo," which being interrupted meant, in current slang:

"You talk too big for your boots."

Tabby, the cat, was blind of only one eye, as I said before, and she had seen the bird's head sticking out of the hole in the kettle.

"I have a scheme," said she to herself, "I'll wait until the moon goes down."

When the night was past, the dawn brought no joy to the nest on the old well-sweep, and no matin song was sung. Sorrow reigned within the kettle. The little mother's heart was full of woe, and she had naught but a plaintive cry with which to greet the rising sun.

One of the nestlings was gone!

Mr. Wren was fluttering about, searching in vain for the lost one. Returning with breakfast for his family, whose circle was so mysteriously broken, he could bring no comfort to his mate.

"Unless you have in your sleep pushed him out of the door, Jenny," he said, "I can think of no explanation."

"No, no," cried the mother, her maternal instinct rejecting the thought. "Did I ever lose a little one from the nest? Then how could I have done so here in this close retreat?"

"We have trusted too much to this place and have not been on our guard."

This Mr. Wren said quite savagely, in his anger, fighting politeness and devouring the worm he had brought for Jenny. Presently he gave a sudden sharp chirp.

"It was the owl!"

He flapped his wings three times as he made this announcement in a tone of discovery.

"How could the owl come through that little door?" said Jenny. "It's not as big as a pullet's egg."

"No matter," cried the other stubbornly, "owls are wise and do dark and bloody deeds by night. Now, after this, you'll sometimes keep your sleepy head out from under your wing."

"You were on the nest yourself part of the time," remonstrated poor Jenny, her sad heart wrung anew by these reproaches.

"It did not happen while I was on," replied her ungracious spouse. "You may be sure of that."

Now the fact is that it did happen, not while Mr Wren was on the nest, but while he should have been on and

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Fibro-Chondritis of the Foot of Mare.

A Reader, Pettis county, Missouri: If the editor interprets your letter correctly your mare is suffering from the above disease. This is an ulceration, or formation of pus, between the sensitive and insensitive laminæ, or inner parts of the walls of the hoof. Swelling occurs about the coronet, about the center of which one or more small orifices are seen, from which are discharged thin and watery, or thick and curdled matter. Neglected corns are productive of the disease, as calking or bruises from any cause. You are advised first, to examine the foot carefully for corns. If present, they will be found on the sensitive sole, in the triangular space between the bars and the wall, at the heel, most times in the inside heel. If found they must be removed. Next, open up the heel, thin the quarters of the hoof, pare the toe of a little, and then poultice for several days with linseed meal poultices. Probe the wound gently after poulticing to ascertain the direction of the sinuses. Inject the part with 1 drachm of sulphate of zinc in a pint of water, once daily for five or six days. If the case is very slow, use 2 drachms of the chloride of zinc in a pint of water. Inject as above. All loose horn must be removed, and the foot carefully examined for a bruise of foreign object in the foot. In extreme cases, it is sometimes necessary that "coring the pipes" be resorted to. That is, sprinkle five grains of corrosive sublimate on a small, square piece of tissue paper, folding it like a plug, and inserting it into the pipe, where it is retained by means of a bandage. In from five to seven days a circular slough will have suppurated, leaving a healthy wound, which will, with care, heal up from the bottom. After healing the hard swelling may be removed by rubbing with iodine, ½ oz.; soap linament, 6 ozs.

Alfalfa.

E. L. H., Missouri: Alfalfa goes by various names—lucerne, medick, Spanish trefoil, French clover, Brazilian clover, and Chilian clover. It is not a true clover, though it belongs to the same natural family as the clovers. The Spanish name is alfalfa. It was introduced into California from South America, under the name alfalfa, or Brazilian clover. It had previously been introduced into Eastern or Southern states, but attracted little attention. In Europe it is generally known as lucerne. It has been known from very early times, and was introduced from Western Asia into Greece about 560 B.C. It is a very desirable crop in the Southern states east of the Mississippi. The plant is less hardy than red clover, and is adapted to a milder climate, yet it has stood the winter safely as far north as Vermont, New York and Michigan, though farther west, where less protected by snow, it winter-kills more or less, even as far south as Texas. The young plants are very susceptible to frosts, and mature plants, if not killed by the cold winters of the Northern states, are so weakened that they endure there for a much shorter period than in milder climates. A cold of 25 degrees is said to kill the tops, but in the Southern states the plant quickly recovers from the effect of frost and grows more rapidly in the winter. In the Northern states, even when it endures the winter, the yield is much less than at the South, and has little or no advantage over the common red clover. Farther south, where both may be grown, alfalfa is often preferred, not only for its large yield, but for its perennial character. Alfalfa is especially adapted to dry climates, and withstands drought much better than ordinary clovers. Alfalfa improves the fertility of the soil, but it must have a rich soil to start with, and is of little value as a renovator of worn-out lands. It thrives best on rich bottom lands. Lands that are tenacious and hold water are not adapted to its culture, unless well drained. Most of the lands in the West, in which it is grown successfully, have a permeable sub-soil. When the soil permits, the roots penetrate to a great depth. Cases have been observed where the roots frequently reach a depth of 12 to 15 feet. In the Northern states, May is the right time to sow the seed. Further South, in the latitude of Northern Mississippi, September is probably the best month, and in the extreme South, or in the warm valleys of California, any time will answer from fall to spring. The soil should be thoroughly prepared, and the seed sown at the rate of fifteen to twenty pounds per acre. If sown broadcast, the latter quality will be required. If the raising of seed is the main object, twelve to fourteen pounds per acre will give the best results. Drill culture is considered the best. The drill may be twelve to eighteen inches apart, according to the tool to be employed in the cultivation. The seed, if sown broadcast, may be sown alone or with grain, but it generally gives a better stand when sown with grain. It is often sown with oats with good results, but in wet seasons it is liable to be smothered out. As a soiling crop the alfalfa has scarcely a superior. It there be cut repeatedly during the season, furnishing large quantities of nutrisengers forage which is relished by all kinds of stock. It is more liable than clover to give slobbers in horses. There is some danger in feeding it wet to cattle, as it may cause hoast or hoven. For hay, the cutting should be done as soon as the blossoms appear, otherwise it becomes hard and woody. Close or continued pasturing may kill it out, as it does not stand as close grazing as the ordinary clover. For cleaning the seed, an ordinary grain thresher will answer. The seed is usually taken from the second crop. Alfalfa should do well in Southern Missouri.

Plaster of Paris from Gypsum.

W. V. J., Comanche county, Kansas: To make plaster of paris, the best quality of gypsum is first calcined until nearly all the water is expelled, and the stone is then reduced to powder. When water is added to form a paste, the mixture hardens in one to two minutes and sets, giving out some heat, but this property is not exhibited if the calcination was effected at a higher temperature than 300 Fahrenheit. The water taken up is just equal to that expelled. For stucco it is recommended to use about one-third pulverized carbonate of lime with the calcined gypsum. For ordinary purposes, gypsum, first moderately dried, is reduced to a powder by grinding in a mill, and is then calcined by a process called boiling, which is heating it in kettles until the water is driven out. As it passes up in the form of steam through the mass, it keeps the particles moving as in ebullition. Much of the fine powder is carried up by the heated air, and is deposited upon the roof of the building and the trees and other objects around, appearing like snow. The process is completed when the motion of the powder in the kettle ceases. As calcined gypsum rapidly absorbs moisture from the air, its carriage value as a plaster, it is well to slake it can hardly in small quantities at a time—for use.

Bone Spavin—Corns.

J. W. H., Ohio: The usual mode of treating bone spavin is by firing, punching, seatoning, blistering or rowelling. You are advised to take of bin-iodide of mercury 1 drachm; lard, 2 ozs. Trim well, and after shaving off the hair, rub the parts once a day for eight days. Also once a day wash the part with warm water and soap, drying well afterward. The horse should have a rest for six weeks. If the desired effect is not reached after eight days repeat the treatment. Heal with unsalted lard. For treatment of corns, cut away the hoof around the corn, being careful not to cut portions of the bars or the frog. This will prevent pressure from the shoe. Put the foot in a bran poultice, and afterward pack the corn daily with a glass brush dipped in fuming nitric acid. It may also be burnt with a hot iron, or with caustic silver or the permangenate of potash. Mr. Chawner recommends the following corn salve: Tar, beeswax, honey, of each ½ lb.; glycerine, 8 ozs.; lard, ½ lb.; nitric acid, 2 drs. Melt the lard and beeswax together, stir in the lard and other ingredients, and stir till cold. Another corn plaster is: Subacetate of copper, (verdigris) ½ oz.; oil of turpentine, 2 ozs.; beeswax, ½ lb. Melt together and apply on a piece of leather.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Winter Comfort for the Horse.

It is not, as a rule, sufficiently considered that horses confined in a narrow stall, as many of them are during much of the idle winter season, must necessarily become very weary of standing upon their feet without exercise during the day and equally weary of sleeping upon a plank floor during the night. Granted that the horse receives his rations of feed and water and is sheltered from storms, yet this does not make up the measure of his requirements. Exercise for his muscles and joints and an easy position for these when confined in his stall are as essential to his comfort as good food, an easy fitting harness, or a good road to travel on.

The position usually taken by the horse when at liberty to select his own footing will be observed to be such as will relax the muscles of limb, shoulder and hindquarter. Will this position be forced upon him by the floor of the horse-stall as usually constructed? Certainly not: relaxation to the muscles can only come by having the fore feet on a plane slightly lower than the hind feet. We have only to pass at a rear of a row of horses provided with stalls, the floors of which are higher in front than at the rear to see that many of the horses when not feeding are standing rearwards as far as their halters will permit, thus enabling them to occupy level footing. Start them forward up the inclined plane and no sooner are you out of the way than the horse resumes his former position. This is not done from instinct (a term often abused) but as a result of the equine's experience that the fore quarters elevated above the hind quarters brings discomfort—at any rate if this position be maintained for a length of time. Put these views to the test by placing the horse in a wide stall, giving him a long hitching strap, and it will be seen that when not feeding he will place himself in such a position as will put the muscles and joints at ease. Elevate the floor of one side of the box-stall, and then note the movements of the horse confined therein. How often will you find him seeking rest with fore feet higher than his hind feet? All this comes from the simple fact that the fibers of all muscles are, to a degree, like a spiral spring, yet unlike a spiral spring in that the spring needs no rest. Slight, long-continued tension upon muscular fiber gives rise to great weariness.

The gelding, owing to his manner of voiding his urine, befouls his nest, and it is but natural that the owner desires a stall arrangement that drains to the rear. That this may be done it is not necessary to punish the horse by forcing him into an attitude of discomfort. How is it possible to do away with the necessity for this? Construct a tight floor having sufficient fall to the rear. Over this place a level, movable slat floor, so constructed as to insure that complete drainage will take place, the lower floor receiving all droppings of urine. Such a movable stall floor can be cheaply and quickly constructed. It should be made of oak in preference to pine. It may be made of inch strips placed crosswise of the stall, thus securing ready drainage through the supports placed the contrary way. Such a floor meets the want referred to; besides, being movable, it insures the easy removal of any accumulation that may occur upon the lower permanent floor.

City horses sent to the country to winter may or may not be turned out for exercise. If not turned out then the ennui that necessarily comes of confinement may really reach a stage of suffering. If space is an object to the proprietor he may crowd together to such a degree as to add to the discomfort. On many farms horses "idle away the winter," and when snows are deep are not infrequently so long confined in the stall as to impair their usefulness, rendering them, when spring comes, quite unfit for the hard work that awaits them. The next five months will be a tedious period of inaction and neglect with many horses, and measures should straigtut way be adopted that will render these months a period during which the horse may recuperate and recover lost forces if he has had a season of hard labor to pass through. If there be no work to call him out he should be turned out for a romp and given an opportunity to roll upon the ground. During this time his stall and bedding will have an opportunity to dry. Regarding winter feeding, no error is more glaring than that which confines the horse to a box-stall and he should have a "freeze out" during winter, his food being at the same time reduced. Many a valuable animal has had his usefulness permanently impaired by this senseless practice.—[G. S., in Prairie Farmer.

About Poultry.

Fattening Fowls Rapidly.—Pick out every fowl intended for the market, and put all those selected in a pen in which there are no laying hens, as a different food should be fed to layers, they not requiring food that fattens quickly. Do no coop them in little coops or boxes, but give them a house and small yard, so that they will not notice the confinement so quickly. Early in the morning, give them a warm mess of corn meal and milk, thickened to the consistency of dough, and at noon give wheat. At night, give corn—as much as they will eat. Keep plenty of sharp gravel and pounded charcoal where they can help themselves, and if the weather is cold give warm water three times a day. Of course, if an addition can be given in the shape of bran and potatoes, mixed, it will be an advantage, while sweet potatoes exceed everything else for fattening. Under this process the birds should be as fat as possible in two weeks. If milk is plentiful give the birds a warm drink of it in the afternoon before feeding the corn.

Market Stock and Prices.—One reason why some are disappointed in not securing high prices for poultry shipped to market, is that they do not realize the fact that it is not the size of a bird that gives the value, but the quality. The carloads of scraggy stock that reach the market is enormous, and yet a majority of the persons who make such shipments suppose that the best prices should be obtained because the quotations vary but little when the demand is great.

A fat, plump fowl will sell readily, and at more than the market price, but a poor and inferior carcass, no matter how much it weighs or how fresh it may be, will not pass out of the merchant's hands until all the best stock is gone. When prices are quoted, it is better to take a price between the highest and lowest figures given, as the value of the stock sent, and you will not be so liable to disappointment when the merchant sends his returns to you.—[Farm and Fireside.

The Homing Instinct.

In October last, Mr. C. H. Gilchrist, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., purchased a pair of young Homing pigeons from Mr. William Austin, of the same place. Mr. G. shipped them to his farm in the Adirondack mountains, north of Albany, with instructions to keep the birds prisoners until they raised young. After the birds had been confined about two months, the party having them in charge thought they had become accustomed to their new home, so gave them their liberty. Alas! when roosting time came the birds were nowhere to be seen. Fearing that the birds were lost, he wrote Mr. Gilchrist the particulars. Mr. G. forthwith repaired to Mr. Austin's residence with the sad news. Mr. A. went to his loft, and there sat the youngsters on their old perches—having accomplished the journey of 350 miles in as good time as the United States mail. The birds had no previous training, only short flights about the home loft.—[Columbarian.

Peanut Culture.

A light, sandy, tolerably fertile soil, with a good clay subsoil is the best for peanuts. From Virginia southward they are planted outdoors the last of March or the first of April as soon as heavy frosts are passed; in more northern localities they must be started in hot-beds and transplanted when the weather becomes mild. The ground must be deep, mellow and well broken up. Of their culture White's "Gardening for the South" says: For field culture, they may be planted in the pod, two in the hill; but for the garden should be shelled. It is best to drop about four in a hill on the level ground, the rows being laid off 3½ feet wide and the hills 2 feet apart, cover them 2 or 3 inches. When they come up, thin to 2 in a hill, and, if there be any vacancy, transplant. It is better to plant them level than on ridges, as they are less liable to suffer from drought. As they continue growing all the season, it is well to get them started as soon as the severe frosts are over. The only after-culture they require is to keep the ground clean and mellow, and a slight hilling up when they are laid by. They will produce from 55 to 70 or 80 bushels per acre, according to soil and culture, and are as easily cultivated as corn.

The Sunday School.

Idolatry in Israel.

LESSON II., SUNDAY, JANUARY 11, 1891.

Golden Text—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image.—Exod. 20:4.

LESSON TEXT.

(1 Kings 12:25-33.)

25. Then Jeroboam built Shechem in mount Ephraim, and dwelt therein; and went out from thence, and built Penuel.

26. And Jeroboam said in his heart, Now shall the kingdom return to the house of David:

27. If this people go up to do sacrifice in the house of the Lord at Jerusalem, then shall the heart of this people turn again unto their Lord, even unto Rehoboam king of Judah.

28. Whereupon the king took counsel and made two calves of gold, and said unto them, It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem: behold thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.

29. And he set the one in Bethel, and the other put he in Dan.

30. And this thing became a sin; for the people went to worship before the one, even unto Dan.

31. And he made a house of high places, and made priests of the lowest of the people, which were not of the sons of Levi.

32. And Jeroboam ordained a feast in the eighth month, on the fifteenth day of the month, like unto the feast that is in Judah, and he offered upon the altar. So did he in Bethel, sacrificing unto the calves that he had made; and he placed in Bethel the priests of the high places which he had made.

33. So he offered upon the altar which he had made in Bethel the fifteenth day of the eighth month, even in the month which he had devised of his own heart; and ordained a feast unto the children of Israel; and he offered upon the altar, and burnt incense.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Then Jeroboam built Shechem, and dwelt therein; and he went out and built Penuel (v. 25). If a man would be a leader of men, he must show his ability to lead men. He must be able to do something, and must do it in a way men expect to be trusted because of his ability to do. If a student would stand well before his fellows, he must first stand well as a builder of his own character, of his own soul-dwelling. If a church-member would be looked up to as a strong man in his church, he must do something for others, as well as for himself, to prove that he is a strong man in that field. The man who goes ahead as a builder will be recognized as the man to help those who need help in the building line. Yet there are men who are sure they could build, if only the people would invite them to be master-builders; and they will live and die waiting for that invitation.

Said in his heart (v. 26). A great many things are said in our hearts that we should be ashamed to have other people hear. A son who would not wish to be called a disobedient or ungrateful child sometimes says in his heart very unloving things about his parents. So do some brothers and sisters, and some husbands and wives, talk in their hearts about each other as they would not be willing to talk with their lips. Men and women have a great deal to say, in their hearts, about the hard time to which they are called, or about the selfishness and ill-nature of other people. Even sincere Christians do no little repining in their hearts against God and his providences. It is a wicked thing, as it is also a dangerous thing, to say in the heart that which it would be wrong for the lips to speak out. Sin spoken in the heart sounds to God like sin spoken with the lips.

Then shall the heart of this people turn (v. 27). It was clearly the day of the Israelites to go up to Jerusalem for worship. God had commanded that. Yet Jeroboam was afraid that if his people went up to Jerusalem to worship, they would in consequence be less faithful to their king. What a mistake! "Duties never conflict." Doing one duty always helps toward doing another. No person is led astray in a lesser matter through obeying God in a greater one. A boy or a girl is prompter and more hearty in obedience to parents through being in the service of Jesus. An earnest, Christian man is the more patriotic citizen. It is always safe, always best, for the members of our family, of our business firm, of our political party, of our community, to do right. We never need fear the consequences of such a course.

They shall kill me, Jeroboam was confident that if the people came to look upon Rehoboam as their rightful king, they would want to kill the man who had led them astray, and was on a throne which did not belong to him. It is not strange that he felt so; for men are almost sure to sooner or later hate those who have misled them. They may for a time render homage to the evil-doer. They may be subject to his influence, and heed his words. But when they realize that he has deceived and wronged them, they will turn from him with abhorrence or turn against him in bitterness. You may be sure that you are sowing the seeds of disgust or hatred of yourself in the heart of any one whom you are enticing to evil. No matter on what specious pretext you are doing this, if you are leading him away from the path of duty, he will recognize the fact by and by, and will heap curses upon your head for your betrayal of his confidence. The only way of getting a lasting hold on the heart of another, is by being true to his best interests, and by having your counsel and your example, in all your relations with him, conform closely to the commandments of God.

It is too much for you (v. 28). When we are counseling others to do wrong for our benefit, or to make both ourselves and them believe that we are acting exclusively for their good. "Let me carry it for you. It is too heavy for your little arms," says a boy to his younger brother on the street, as he takes from him a waving flag he has been aching to have in his own hands. "Here, take this apple; it is brighter red than the other," says a little girl in winsome tones, as she gives her brother a smaller apple, and takes his larger one in exchange. "This only as a special favor to you that I offer you a chance at this investment; for it's a rare opening for anybody," says the man who is trying to get money out of another for some worthless mining, or railroad, or manufacturing stock. There is no time when a wrong-doer seems to be so devoted to our personal interests as when he is trying to induce us to do wrong for his benefit.

This thing became a sin (v. 30). It became a public sin—a national sin. Its conception was first with the king alone, but in the end it was a sin and a curse to all Israel. It is a great deal easier for any one of us to become a curse than to become a blessing in the world. We can more readily teach a child a new way of sinning, and bring him to proficiency in that direction, than we can lead him to a higher plane of thought and action. Our vices are more likely to be imitated than our virtues. If a teacher is seen puffing a cigar, or drinking a glass of wine, or playing cards, or going to the theater, ten boys will be prompt to follow his example, where one would take pattern after his more reverent demeanor in the house of God. And our influence for evil is commonly more far-reaching than our influence for good; for it is in the line of nature's current.—[H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—In New York the money market has been, on the whole, during the past week, making progress toward greater ease, as has been the case for several weeks past, though the holiday interruption of business affected the loan market somewhat. About a half million of gold arrived from Europe in the early part of the week, and the movement of funds outwardly to the South and West was reduced. Call loans ranged from 3@5 per cent, and renewals were generally made at 5 per cent. Time money is still scarce, though the offerings are increasing, and the quotation for six months' paper is 6 per cent, with dividend-paying stocks as collateral. Rates are slightly higher on mixed collateral. Banks are more liberal in regard to accommodation, and the general situation as to money is easier.

Money will, however, be plenty by the middle of January. On January 1 the interest matures on a large portion of the national debt, and the government will pay the quarterly interest on the 4 per cent bonds, and the semi-annual interest on the Pacific railroad bonds known as "currency 6s." These payments, however, are trivial in amount when compared with the total of the payments of interest and dividends on all kinds of corporation shares, municipal bonds, etc., which are largely payable semi-annually—July 1 and January 1. The disbursements of interest and dividends at New York at the beginning of the year are estimated at over $80,000,000, at Boston $10,000,000, at Philadelphia $10,000,000, and less amounts at other places; consequently there will be over $100,000,000 disbursed all over the country, which will get freely into circulation by the middle of the month. Till that time, we may expect close money.

STOCKS.—The New York stock market has been practically stagnant for the week. The buying was extremely limited, even for the best stocks, and the general tendency was toward lower values. The situation is one of waiting; that it is the part of wisdom to allow the railroad situation to develop more clearly, and the financial situation arranges itself after the semi-annual settlements of New Years.

SILVER.—The week was characterized by more or less speculative activity in silver and a subordination of commercial quotations to the movement of bullion certificates on the changing prospects of legislation. The reported disagreement in regard to the silver clause of the currency act, introduced by the Senate Finance committee, and the belief that all financial legislation was unlikely, caused a decline in prices in the early portion of the week.

The fact that the bill was again brought before the Senate on Tuesday, the 23d, had some effect, however, and caused a renewed upward tendency. The cessation of Treasury purchases on the 20th naturally increased the amount of silver on deposit at New York, and the total stock against which certificates have been issued is 6,650,000 ounces. The prices a week apart were:

	Dec. 20.	Dec. 27.
Bullion, London	47⅞d	47⅞d
Bullion, New York	$1.04⅛	$1.03⅝
Bullion certificates	$1.03⅝@$1.04⅛	$1.03⅝@$1.04

THE STATE OF TRADE.

Dun & Co.'s Report of Business During the Past Week.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade dated New York, Dec. 30, says: Business has progressed as well as could be expected in a week broken by the Christmas holiday and a great snow storm. The holiday trade was remarkably heavy here and at nearly all points good, which is by no means evidence that the tightness of the money market springs from any general embarrassment of business or industry. The volume of payments through banks continues largest though but about 3 per cent larger than a year ago. Railroad earnings thus far reported for December also show a gain of about 4 per cent over those of the same weeks last year. Foreign trade is very heavy, in spite of causes which were expected to insure a material decrease. The uncertainty in regard to monetary legislation, and its possible effects, is still the great obstacle, but even this has less disturbing influence than it had as week or so ago, as the prospect of unwise action seems more remote, and the money markets have generally grown easier during the past week, not only at the East, but at some of the Western and Southern centers.

Reports from other cities disclose no important change in the condition of trade. Wholesale business naturally slackens and is quiet at this point in the year, and the indisposition to act is rather increased by the tardiness of collections. But at Boston prospects are considered better for trade in woolen and cotton goods. Conditions at other Eastern cities have been not essentially different, though at Pittsburg Bessemer iron has sold at $16.25, the lowest price for years, and all pig iron is at bottom prices.

Reports from the South also indicate some improvement. Manufacturers at Louisville are fully employed, though money is very close. Trade at Atlanta improves, cotton moving more satisfactorily, and at Galveston receipts exceed last year's. New Orleans reports a fair trade, larger receipts of cotton, the crop being there estimated at 7,700,000 bales, and good receipts of sugar and molasses with steady prices. Throughout the South the fictitious price maintained last summer and fall for cotton have caused some embarrassment, being followed by the inevitable decline as the magnitude of the crop became known. But more than 5,000,000 bales have already passed out of the hands of producers, mainly at fair prices. It is especially encouraging that thus far there has been so little embarrassment and so few failures among the important manufacturing works recently established in this section.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number 338, as compared with a total of 404 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 288.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Wednesday, Dec. 31, 1890.

The following shows changes in Government bonds during the past week:

	Dec. 20.	Dec. 29.
4's, coupons	126¼	127
4's, registered	121½	121
Pac. 6's of '95	109	109

The New York associated weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve, increase	$ 2,209,675
Loans, decrease	1,054,200
Specie, increase	8,850,300
Legal tenders, increase	2,520,300
Deposits, increase	1,720,300
Circulation, increase	9,600

The banks now hold $7,195,125 in excess of the requirements of the 25 per cent rule.

The following are the closing prices of New York stocks to-day, received by Cronenberg, Chapman & King, Law building:

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closed
Atch	39	39¼	38	38¼
A. C. O	16½	16⅞	16½	16⅝
Cann. Sou	49½	49½	49	49
C. C. C	80½	80½	80¼	80¼
C. R. & Q	89½	90	89	89
C. Gas T	84¾	84¾	83¾	83¾
Del. Hud	127¼	128	127¼	127¼
Del. Lack	133⅝	133¾	133¼	133¼
Erie	18⅛	19	18¼	18¼
Hock. Val	27½	27½	26¾	26¾
Ill. C	103	103	103	103
Lead Tr	17⅞	17⅞	17¼	17¼
Lake Shore	109⅜	109⅝	108¾	109¼
Lou. & Nash	73½	74	73⅛	73⅜
Mo. Pac	61⅜	61⅜	59¾	59⅝
N. S	83	83	83	83
N. P. prd	63½	64¼	62¾	63¾
N. Y. C	104⅞	104⅞	104⅜	104⅜
N. Y. C	101¾	101¾	101¼	101¼
N. A	11¾	11⅝	11¼	11¼
P. M	33	33	32¾	32¾
Pullman	153		153	153
R. Terminal	15½	16	15½	15½
R. I	70¾	71⅛	69⅝	69⅝
Read	82½	82½	81⅜	81⅜
Silver	103¾	104¼	102¾	104¼
Sugar	89¾	89¾	88¾	88¾
St. Paul	80⅜	81⅜	80⅜	80⅜
T. C. I	30⅜	32	30⅜	31¾
T. Pac	18⅝	18⅞	18⅜	18⅜
U. Pac	43¾	44	42¾	42¾
Wabash	9¼	9¼	8¾	9¼
Wab. prd	17	17	16¾	16¾
W. U	76¾	76¾	75¾	76¾

Trade.

The general trade of the United States is fairly good for the season. Collections reported fair.

ON THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE.

The Stock of Grain and Prices on the Market.

The trade in wheat, this morning, was dull at the opening, but prices were about ½c higher.

At Toledo, No. 2 soft red wheat, at the regular session, was worth 95c.

May wheat, 100c, 3c better.

Corn dull; No. 2, 53c; No. 2 May, 53½c.

Oats—No. 2 nominally 44c.

Clover seed dull; prime cash, $4.15; February, $4.20; March, $4.27½.

This Afternoon's Markets.

There was a fair trade done in wheat at leading points, this afternoon. Prices as compared with the close yesterday, are ½@⅝c higher.

At the Toledo Produce Exchange, No. 2 soft red take Shore wheat sold at 97c; No. 3 soft red, 92½c on elevators.

May wheat 100c, to close, 3c, advance; July wheat, 92¾c, and to close 93½c; August, 85c.

Corn active, No. 2, 50¼c; No. 3, 49½c; No. 4, 47½c; No. 2 white, 50½c; No. 2 yellow closed trade at 51c.

Oats—No. 2, about 44c.

Clover seed—Fair trade prime cash, $4.15; January, $4.17½; February, $4.25; No. 2 seed, $3.90; Alsike, $8.00.

Prices of December and May wheat today:

Dec.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	....	....	....	96n
Chicago	....	....	....	....
New York	....	....	....	....
St. Louis	93⅝	93⅝	93⅛	93⅛
May.				
Toledo	100	100¾	99¾	100
Chicago	97⅝	98	97⅜	97⅝
New York	105¾	106¼	104¾	106½
St. Louis	97¾	97¾	97¾	97¾

The Produce Market.

Butter—Best 25c; good grades 18@22c.

Eggs—Steady; cold storage, 22c; fresh, 28.

Fresh Meats—Beef, 4½@6½c; veal, 5c; mutton, 8@10c; dressed hogs, $4 00@$4 25.

Hides—Cured steers, 6@7½c; cured light, 4½@5½c; heavy steers, green, 5c; light, 3½c; No. 2, 2½@3c; grubby, 3c; calf, cured, 5½c; green, 7c; kip, green, 6c; market firm.

Poultry—Chickens, young, per doz, 90c; old, 90c; turkeys, per dressed; ducks and geese same as chickens.

Beans—$1 75@2 25 per bushel.

Potatoes—90@95c per bushel, by the car lot.

Provisions—Heavy mess pork, $13 50; short mess $13 75; clear mess, $13 00; short clear mess, $18 50. Hams—Sugar cured, 18 lbs. and over, 10½c; 15 lbs. average, 11c; 12 lbs. and under, 11½c; shoulders, 7c; breakfast bacon, clear, 9c; breakfast bacon, sugar cured, 10c. Lard—Kettle rendered, tierces, 7c; barrels, 7c; half barrels, 7c; 50 ℔ tins, 7c; refined lard, tierce, 6½c; 50 ℔ tins, 7c; clear bacon sides, 6c; bologna sausages, 6c.

Gossip Received by J. M. Cronenberg, Chapman & King, Law Building.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 30.—Cables—Cargoes off coast—Wheat at the opening was firmer; held higher. Cargoes on passage and for shipment—Wheat at the opening was firmer; held higher. Liverpool wheat spot at the opening was firmer.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 30.—12:30 P. M.—Wheat firm, and the demand improving; holders offer sparingly.

Corn steady; demand improving.

General Produce.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 30.—Wheat firm; No. 2 spring, on track, cash, 84@85c; May, 93¾c; No. 1 Northern, 90c. Corn, quiet; No. 3, on track, 47½@48c. Oats firm; No. 2 white, on track, 41½@42c.

DETROIT, Dec. 30.—Wheat, No. 1 white cash 95c bid; No. 2 red cash, 95c bid; December, 95c bid; May, 100¾c bid. Corn—No. 2 cash, 50c; May, 53c. Oats—No. 2 cash, 43¾c; No. 2 white, 45½c.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 30.—Wheat, higher; cash, 93¾@98½c; December and January, 95c; February, 96½c; May, 100¾@101c. Corn, firmer; cash, 47c; February, 48c; May, 49¾c. Oats higher; cash, 41½c; May, 44¾c. Pork firmer at $10 25. Lard strong at $6 65. Whisky steady at $1 14.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 30.—Flour firm; firmly at $3 85@4 05; fancy, $4 40@4 70. Wheat steady at 96c. Corn strong, higher, at 52c. Oats firmer at 42½c. Rye steady at 74c. Provisions firmer. Pork quiet at $10 40. Lard at $6 50. Bulk meats steady at $4 85@4 87½. Whisky steady; sales, 730 bbls.

CHICAGO, Dec. 30.—1:15 p. m.—The closing prices on the Board of Trade, as quoted by the *Daily Trade Bulletin* are as follows: Wheat—Steady; cash, 89½@89⅝c; January, 89⅝@89¾c; May, 97½@97⅝c. Corn—Firm; steady; cash, 49c; December, 49¾@49¼; January, 49¼c; May, 52¼@52¾c. Oats firm; cash, 41¾@41¾c; January, 41¾@41½c; May, 44⅞@45c. Pork firm; cash $9 90; December, $8 90; January, $10 40; May, $11 27½. Lard firm; cash, $5 85; December, $5 75; January, $5 87½; May, $6 47½. Short ribs firm; cash, $4 85; December, $4 50; January, $5 10@5 12½; May, $5 70. No. 2 steady at 89c. No. 2 barley nominal at 70@75c. No. 1 flax seed firm at $1 14½. Timothy firm at $1 23. Butter and eggs steady. Whisky $1 14.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30.—Wheat—Receipts, 84,000 bu; sales, 672,000 bu.; market strong and 1c up; quiet, only local trading; December, 104¾c; January, 104¾c; March, 105⅝@105¾c; May, 105⅞@106 9-16c; July, 99¾@100¼c. Corn—receipts, 88,500; sales, 400,000; strong, 2@2½c up; quiet on No. 2; December, 57⅛@57⅜c. Oats—Receipts, 84,000; sales, 55,000; quiet, 1@c up; western, 40@56c. Beef quiet, steady; plate, $7 50@7 50; family $9 50@10 50. Pork—Quiet and firm; new mess, $10 00@10 50; old mess, $10 25@10 50; extra prime, $9 50@10 00. Lard—Market steady and quiet; steam rendered, $6 15. Butter—Receipts, 7,470 packages; market dull and unchanged; western dairy, 11@20c; western creamery, 19@29c; Elgins, 29@33c; imitation creamery, 15@24c. Eggs—Receipts, 2,694 packages; market quiet, firm; western, 29@30c. Sugar—Raw, dull, steady; fair refining, 4 7-16c; centrifugal, 96 test, 5 45-64c; refined dull and easy; crushed, 6¾c; powdered, 6⅝c; granulated, 5 15-16c. Spirits of turpentine, dull, steady, at 39@39½c. Molasses steady and dull. New Orleans, common to fancy, 30@40c. Tallow, quiet and steady; city, $4 for packages), 4 9-16c. Coffee—The contract dullings prices easy. Rio spot was quiet and steady; No. 6, 17½c.

Live Stock.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 30.—Cattle—Receipts, 800; market steady. Hogs—Receipts, 4,0 head; market steady; fair to choice heavy, $3 50@3 70; mixed, $3 20@3 55; Yorkers, $3 00@3 40. Sheep—Receipts, 800; market strong.

CLEVELAND STOCK YARDS, Dec. 30.—Errick Bros.' report.—[Exclusive to THE BLADE.] Hogs—Receipts, 4,200; market active and demand good; mediums and heavy, $3 65@3 70; good Yorkers, $3 55@3 60; pigs, $3 15@3 25; stags and roughs, $2 50@3 00.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 30.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,800; shipments, 1,720; market 5@10c higher; steers, $3 50@5 00. Hogs—Receipts, 10,700 head; shipments, 200; market 5c lower; all grades at $3 00@3 70. Sheep—Receipts, 800 head; shipments, 100; market steady; muttons, $4 00@5 10.

BUFFALO, Dec. 30.—Cattle — Receipts 40 loads through, 1 sale; good butchers active, 15 higher; export steers good to extra, $4 65@5 00; others heavy butchers, $3 75@4 50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 8 loads through, 12 sales; active, firm and unchanged to-day; sheep, choice to extra, $5 00@5 60; good to choice, $4 60@5 00; lambs, choice to extra, $6 00@6 60; good to choice, $6 00@6 25. Hogs—Receipts, 35 loads through, 90 sales; dull; mediums, heavy and mixed, $3 65@3 75.

CHICAGO, Dec. 30.—The *Evening Journal* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 200 head; the general market a shade stronger; top prices, $4 80@5 25 for prime to extra steers; good to choice, $4 25@4 75; common, $3 50@4 00; butchers' stock, $1 00@3 60; stockers, $2 00@3 75. Hogs—Receipts, 34,000 heads; steady packers, $3 50@3 75; light, $3 55@3 65; butchers, $3 60@3 80; light-light, $3 10@3 40. Sheep—Receipts, 11,000; a shade lower; prime lambs, $5 00@5 25; good to choice sheep, $4 50@4 90; common lambs, $5 50@5 75; common sheep, $3 00@4 25.

New York Cotton Market.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30.—Cotton quiet and steady; middling uplands 9 3-16; middling Orleans, 9¼; sales, 59 bales. Futures opened steady; January, 9.00; February, 9.10; March, 9.22; April, 9.41; May, 9.51; June, 9.61; July, 9.70; August, 9.70; September

ADDITIONAL WASHINGTON.

MISSISSIPPI MOBS.

The Story of the Murder of Postmaster Matthews.

The killing of John Prentiss Matthews, the postmaster at Carrollton, Miss., by young McBride will probably turn out to be a cause celebre. Matthews was shot down in the street by McBride. J. M. Matthews, of Mississippi, who was the Republican candidate for Congress against Gen. Hooker at the last election, and who was also a brother of the dead man, who is in Washington, on December 30 received the following telegram from Carr Bton:

"John was murdered by a mob. He had been notified by a dozen men that a mob was going to kill him that day. He saw the men with their guns and he got a rifle. When he did this the sheriff arrested him and placed him under bonds. John pointed three men out to the sheriff, and asked him to arrest them and protect his life. The sheriff refused. It was a plot, and all were in it. John told Loyd (a young man working for him) he thought they would kill him before night. He stayed at the postoffice until his second dinner bell rang, when he said he would go to dinner. They begged him not to go, but he said he would. When he reached the hotel steps McBride, who was still in his drug store, shot him down with a shot-gun, killing him instantly. Not satisfied with this, McBride fired five shots at him from a revolver after he was dead. The mob then began dancing and shouting around the body, with the most vile abuse and curses. John had received several anonymous letters, telling him he must leave the town. The murderer goes free, and all because they must have the postoffice at Carrollton."

"My brother," said Dr. Matthews, "was only 21 years old. He was a bright, intelligent boy. He was appointed postmaster several months ago at Carrollton, and while there have been a number of threats at his life, I did not think anything would come of it. He was the first Republican postmaster to take the Carrollton office for many years, and it was freely said that no Republican should hold the office."

Dr. Matthews, the dead man, comes of an old family in Mississippi. In 1883 his father was shot down by a mob at Hazelhurst, Miss.

ON THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Director General Davis Has a Word on the Situation.

The following letter from George R. Davis, director general of the Columbian exposition, was received by President Harrison Saturday:

To the President:

"By the authority of, and in behalf of the World's Columbian exposition, I have the honor to request that you will cause to be detailed for service as commissioners of the Columbian exposition to the several republics and colonies of Mexico, Central and South America the following officers of the army and navy, to wit: To the republic of Mexico, Lieutenant A. C. Baker, U. S. N.; to the republics of Gautemala, Nicaragua, Salvador and Costa Rica, Lieut. George P. Scriven, U. S. A.; to the republic of Honduras and the British colony of Honduras, Capt. Gilbert P. Cotton, U. S. A.; to the republic of Venezuela and the Guiana colonies, Lieut. Roger Wells, jr., U. S. N.; to the republic of Peru, Lieut. Charles H. Hawlor, U. S. N.; to the Argentine republic and the republics of Uruguay and Paraguay, Surgeon D. N. Burtolette, U. S. N.; to the republic of Brazil, Capt. Alexander Rodgers, U. S. A., and Lieut. Frank E. Sawyer, U. S. N.

"I have the honor to request, also, that these officers be instructed to carry to the presidents of the several South American republics and governors of the colonies, formal letters of invitation from yourself to such presidents and governors, requesting in the name of the government and people of the United States that they participate in the appropriate commemoration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, and that they appoint special commissioners to collect and bring for exhibition at the proposed Columbian exposition such articles as will fully and fully illustrate their resources, their products, their history, and their social, commercial and industrial condition.

"As the approaching exposition offers an unprecedented opportunity for promoting the social, commercial and political relation of the people of the three American continents, it is especially desired that our sister republics be properly represented.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"GEORGE R. DAVIS, director general."

Some of the above named officers have already been designated for the service requested.

For the Farmers.

Chairman Buchanan, of the bureau of Agriculture of the World's Fair, recently wrote to Secretary of Agriculture Rusk regarding the work of his bureau, etc. The secretary has replied, placing at the disposal of Chief Buchanan the best efforts of his department.

Watching Oklahoma.

The President sent a message to the Senate, on Dec. 23, urging Congress to act once, by joint resolution or otherwise, continue the laws of Nebraska in force in Oklahoma until after the adjournment of the territorial legislature. The President in his message says the question of the location of the capital has so distracted and divided the members that no criminal code has been provided, and for this reason he urges that measures looking to the relief of pending criminal cases be passed.

Indian Commissioners.

The President on Dec. 26, appointed E. Darwin James, of New York, and Philip C. Garrett, of Pennsylvania, to be members of the Board of Indian Commissioners vice W. H. Morgan, resigned, and Clinton B. Fisk, deceased. He also appointed Joseph W. Paddock, of Nebraska, to be a government director of the Union Pacific railroad vice James W. Savage, deceased.

Congress.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—In the Senate the cloture resolution was introduced, and the Finance committee reported the caucus bill (Sherman bill) which was read twice.

In the House the speaker made the following appointments: Ways and means, Mr. Breckinridge, Arkansas; commerce, Mr. Dickerson, Kentucky; postoffices and post roads, Mr. Rowland, North Carolina; education, Mr. Langston, Virginia; labor, Mr. Miller, South Carolina; expenditures in the postoffice department, Mr. Pindar, New York; banking and currency, Mr. E. R. Hays, Iowa; naval affairs, Mr. McKenna, California, Mr. Sloane, Pennsylvania, and Mr. Wegner, New York; public lands, Mr. Wright, Pennsylvania; agriculture, Mr. McDuffie, Alabama; expenditures in treasury department, Mr. McDuffie, Alabama; reform in the civil service, Mr. Whitelaw, Missouri.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—In the senate the elections bill was discussed.

The House was not in session.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—Christmas—Neither House in session.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—The Senate was not in session.

The House met and adjourned to Tuesday.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27.—Senate met and adjourned to Monday.

The House was not in session.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—Senate met and adjourned.

The House not in session.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—The Senate met and discussed the Federal elections bill. The House did nothing.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—The Senate met and discussed the Federal elections bill. The House met and adjourned to Friday.

THE COUNTRY IS STILL SAFE.

A Social Squabble Did Not Break Up the Administration.

Mr. Huston has consented to retain the position of United States treasurer, and his family will soon be re-established here, with the purpose of remaining until the end of Mr. Harrison's term. Mr. Huston's resignation last July, was the result of dissatisfaction at the manner in which Mrs. Huston has been treated by the President's family.

At Indianapolis the Hustons and the Harrisons were the closest of friends. Mr. Huston has a strong pull on politics, and the intimacy between the two families was of advantage to Mr. Harrison in aiding him to control his own state. During the campaign and after Mr. Harrison's election—as long as both families remained at Indianapolis—Mrs. Huston was on a social equality with Mrs. Harrison. When they came to Washington the Hustons expected the same thing to continue.

Probably the chief inducement for them to come was the temptation to take part in the social life at the White House. After accepting the treasurership, Mr. Huston leased a handsome residence a little above Junction Harlan's, near Mt. Pleasant. It was large and showy, suitable for extensive entertaining and surrounded by very extensive and handsome grounds. It was expected that there would be a constant exchange of calls between there and the White House.

But the transfer from Indianapolis entirely changed the social relations of the two families. The Harrisons were raised out of Mrs. Huston's sphere, and during the time she was here she was given no social recognition at the White House. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Huston made the least attempt to conceal the fact of the snub nor their feeling on the subject. Mr. Huston was very much incensed and sent in his resignation, to take effect upon the appointment of his successor.

About that time Mr. Michner resigned the chairmanship of the Indiana Republican state Central committee, and if all things would come of it. He was the first Republican postmaster to take the Carrollton office for many years, and it was freely said that no Republican should hold the office."

Dr. Matthews, the dead man, comes of an old family in Mississippi. In 1883 his father was shot down by a mob at Hazelhurst, Miss.

The matter has given Mr. Harrison no little uneasiness, and it is a great relief to him that after many unsuccessful attempts he has succeeded in pacifying Mr. Huston. It is probable that during this winter Mrs. Huston will be called in to assist Mrs. Harrison at some of the White House receptions, and will probably be invited to tea. The Indiana State Central committee is expected to be reorganized with a Harrison man at its head.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE INDIANS FIGHT.

Attacked Troops While Being Disarmed —and 300 Killed.

The last four troops of the Seventh cavalry arrived at the camp on Wounded Knee Creek from Pine Ridge agency at 9 o'clock Sunday night. At 8 Monday morning, Gen. Forsythe issued orders to have the 150 male Indians who had been prisoners, called from the tepees, saying he wanted to talk to them. They obeyed slowly and sullenly, and ranged in a semi-circle in front of the tent where Big Foot, their chief, lay sick with pneumonia. By twenties they were ordered to give up their arms. The first 20 went to their tents and came back with only two guns. This irritated Major Whiteside who was superintending this part of the work. After a hasty consultation with Gen. Forsythe, he gave the order for the cavalrymen, who were all dismounted and formed in almost a square about 25 paces back, to close in. They did so, and took a stand within 20 feet of the Indians, now in their center.

When this was done a detachment of cavalrymen afoot was sent to search the tepees. About 60 guns were found, but while this work was going on the warriors held an incantation pow-wow. The tepees having been gone through, an order was given to search the warriors. All thought of trouble was evidently wholly out of mind with the soldiers.

About a dozen of the warriors had been searched, when, like a flash, all the rest of them jerked guns from under their blankets and began pouring bullets into the ranks of the soldiers, who a few minutes before had moved up almost within gun length. Those Indians who had no guns rushed on the soldiers with tomahawk in one hand and scalping knife in the other.

In the first of the skirmish the soldiers were at a great disadvantage, as they were formed in a hollow square, with the Indians in their center, and they could not fire for fear of killing their own men. But when the Indians—men women and children—started to run the mounted troops were after them, shooting them down on every side. The engagement lasted fully an hour and a half. To the south many took refuge in a ravine from which it was difficult to dislodge them. It is estimated that the soldiers killed and wounded about 50. Just now it is impossible to learn the exact number of dead Indians. There are many more than 50, however, killed outright. The soldiers are shooting the Indians down wherever found, no quarter being given by any one.

To say that it was a most daring feat, 120 Indians attacking 500 cavalry, expresses the situation but faintly. It could only have been insanity which prompted such a deed.

Many of the soldiers who were wounded will die from their injuries. Capt. Wallace was killed by a blow from a tomahawk, and among the injured are the following:

Private Cook, B troop; Father Crafts, Catholic priest; Private Frank Lewis, B troop; Private Stone; Private Sullivan, K troop; S. F. Smith, K troop; Davis, Hazlewood, Toohey, Lieut. Garrington, Sergt. Lloyd; Interpreter P. P. Wells, Lieut. Kinsley; trumpter James C. Holdensen, Sergeant Cunell, Private Zetter, A troop; Sergeant Dyer Hoduncan; George Elliott, K troop; Sergeant Ward, B troop; Sergeant Hotchkiss, mortally; Hipp A. Cook, I troop; Private Adams, K troop; Corporal Newell, B troop.

The Kean Failure.

The assignees of the insolvent banking firm of S. A. Kean & Co., have completed their schedule of assets and liabilities. It shows the following results.

Assets.

Bills receivable	$ 75,000
Cash	26,000
Equities in scrip	7,500
Total	$108,500

Liabilities.

To depositors, about	$800,000
Cash from other banks in transit	10,000
Total	$810,000

The last item of the liabilities will have to be paid in full, reducing the available assets to $96,000. No value can be placed upon the land held by Mr. Kean and his wife, as it is so burdened with litigation as to make it problematical whether anything will be gained.

Of the $280,000, or thereabouts, of the bills receivable scheduled by Mr. Kean, $200,000 is beyond hope of redemption. It was loaned to personal friends and acquaintances whose signatures represent no property and constitute the sole security.

MR. O'SHEA TO HEALY.

The Former Talks on the Campaign Charges Made.

Having been advised that he cannot bring an action for libel with hopes of success, Capt. O'Shea has published a letter to disprove the truth of Timothy Healy's taunt that he bartered his wife's honor to gain a seat in parliament.

The letter is dated St. Albridge, December 24, 1890. The writer says: "When I was a liberal whip, I did my best to promote your (Healy's) candidate as a Liberal and supporter of Mr. Gladstone in Middle Armagh, and afterwards at Liverpool in 1885.

"I quote from a letter from Mr. Chamberlain to me, dated November 20, 1890, in which he says:

"I assume you will take some notice of the brutal attack on you made by Mr. Healy at Kilkenny; although, unless I am mistaken, you will have no legal remedy. His statements are entirely inconsistent with what I know of the general election of 1885. According to my recollection, Mr. Parnell neglected at first to give you any assistance, and did not do so until he had seen letters from myself to another person, pointing out that your services in the past as an intermediary between himself and the liberal party had been of real advantage to both, and that such services continue equally necessary if it were desired to maintain any kind of friendly relations between the Irish nationalists and the liberal party. Respecting Galway, I find that I wrote you to the same effect in January, 1886, which letter I authorize you to publish if you think it useful. This correspondence ought to afford sufficient evidence that no such complicity existed as your traducer has been base enough to insinuate.'

"The letter from Mr. Chamberlain is marked 'private,' and is dated January 22, 1886.

"It contains the following: 'In the present condition of Irish affairs it is more than ever unfortunate that you have not found a seat. Is there any chances of your standing for one of those now vacant in Ireland? Surely there must be an interest in the Irish party to keep open channels of communication with the liberal leaders. If any possible cooperation is expected, it is clear that a great deal of preliminary talk must be had, and I doubt, if any liberal leader is at present, in direct or indirect communication with the Irish representatives. Certainly, I find myself very much in the dark respecting their intentions and wishes. Cannot you get Mr. Parnell's exequatur for one of the vacant seats? It is really the least he can do for you after all you have done for him.'"

IT CAUSED HER DEATH.

A Shock too Great for a Handsome Young Lady to Stand.

Strange circumstances developed at Columbus, Indiana, on Dec. 25, regarding the sudden insanity and death of Miss Bertha Park, a handsome school teacher 18 years old. Her mother, Mrs. Park, has divulged the secret confided to her by the daughter on the day when the symptoms of the latter's disturbed mental condition were first discovered. It appears that the girl's mind had been wrecked by the act of some unknown person, connecting the name of her father in a criminal way with what is known as the "Park massacre."

On the morning referred to, when the young school teacher entered her schoolroom, she discovered upon the blackboard written in a bold hand, a sentence charging Marion Park, her father, with the murder of his parents and relatives, a crime committed years ago. She hurriedly erased the cruel charge, but it bore so heavily on her mind that it soon caused her aberration and death.

The "massacre," when it took place a score of years before, was laid to three colored men, who were arrested and lodged in jail at Charleston, the county seat, whence they were taken by a mob and hanged to a tree. The father of the young school teacher is almost wild with grief at the loss of his daughter.

CAME IN BY A SCRATCH.

A Chicken Case Before the Supreme Court.

A case has reached the Supreme court of Ohio on a petition in error from the Circuit court of Hamilton county, which for triviality of the original cause, is certainly unique. In fact, it may be said to have reached this august legal body by a scratch, as it has grown from a quarrel concerning some naughty chickens. Mrs. Pope is the wife of an attorney of Cumminsville and lived next door to Flynn, who is a contractor. Her chickens went into Flynn's yard, and that gentlemen fired a few dornicks at them. The usual bickering attendent on chicken squabbles followed, and Mrs. Pope fired a few shots from a revolver, presumably at Flynn. The latter had the lady arrested for discharging firearms within the city limits, and she was tried before the police court. A dismissal followed, and the suit for damages was entered. Since then it has been floating on the legal sea, to be finally washed upon the shore of the Supreme court. The only sad feature is that an appeal may be taken to the United States Supreme bench.

WILL MAKE NO DEAL.

The Cherokee Lands Are Still in the Hands of the Indians.

Ex-Chief Bushyhead, on December 29, in regard to the commission's failure in reaching an agreement as to the sale of the Cherokee lands, said: "I am fully convinced that the present commission will not perfect any trade for our Western lands. They have come to discuss title, and that is the stumbling block. The only chance I can see for a trade is through the Senate sub-committee. They, in my opinion, will be clothed with authority to make us a reasonable offer and grant us other considerations we ask."

Canada No Haven for Them.

According to reports received at the Mounted Police department, it appears that Commissioner Herchmer, three weeks ago, issued orders to the border patrols to disarm all United States Indians coming into Canadian territory and collect duties on their ponies, or else turn the Indians back. These instructions were faithfully carried out, with the result that everything is quiet on all the Canadian reserves.

Swedenborgian Faith.

The widow of the late Charles H. Allen, of Glendale, near Cincinnati, has, by a will which was probated on December 24, given $60,000 in trust to Rev. Sewell, of Washinton city, to be used for founding in Glendale a school in which the tenets of the Swedenborgian faith shall be taught.

Nice Little Art Room.

Consulting Architect Root, of the World's exposition, began real work upon the plan of the $1,200,000 art palace at Chicago on Dec. 24. This will be four and one-half acres of floor space. The width will be 200 feet and it will be 500 feet long and two stories in height.

WINTER HUMORS

Cold, raw winds of winter fan to fury itching, burning, and scaly humors and diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood. No pen can describe their severity, no language can exaggerate the suffering of those afflicted, especially of little babies, whose tender skins are literally on fire. *Winter is the best time to effect a permanent cure.* Cuticura Remedies are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, are absolutely pure, and agreeable to the most sensitive, and may be used on the youngest infant and most delicate invalid with gratifying and unfailing success. CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most intense itching, burning, and inflammation, permits rest and sleep, heals raw and irritated surfaces, cleanses the scalp of crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the only medicated toilet soap, is indispensable in cleansing diseased surfaces. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood and skin purifier and greatest of humor remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities, and thus removes the cause. Hence, the Cuticura Remedies cure every humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula, from infancy to age, when the best physicians fail.

☞ "HOW TO CURE DISEASES OF THE SKIN AND BLOOD" mailed free to any address, 64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, 100 Testimonials. A book of priceless value to every sufferer.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; CUTICURA SOAP, 25c.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

Pimply Skin, red, rough hands, painful finger-ends and shapeless nails are prevented and cured by Cuticura Soap, incomparably the greatest of skin purifiers and beautifiers, while rivalling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. *The only medicated toilet soap and the only preventive and cure of* inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads, rough, red, and oily skin, and simple humors of infants and children. Sale greater than the combined sale of all other skin soaps. Sold everywhere. Price, 25 cts.

CHARGED WITH CROOKEDNESS.

Des Moines Officers Made to Answer for Their Misdeeds.

When the board of supervisors of Des Moines, Iowa, met last time the size of the fee bills filed "by the various justices of the city in liquor cases amazed them and they passed a resolution directing the county attorney to assist the grand jury in making an investigation with a view to determining whether or not there did not exist a conspiracy among the justices, constables and searchers to defraud the county of fees while pretending to enforce the prohibitory law. As a result of the investigation indictments charging a conspiracy to defraud the county have been returned against the following constables and assistants, or searchers, as they are called: Wm. Keller, J. Callendar, C. Burdick, O. C. West, G. B. Hamilton and G. H. Cleggett.

The indictments charge the defendants in a number of counts with defrauding the county by false pretenses, and by using fictitious names in making returns for information and warrants never served, and by agreeing together to obtain small quantities of liquor from parties which could be condemned, so that each of the constables in the "gang" could be supponaed and draw witness fees. O. C. West, Frank Pierce and G. B. Hamilton are also indicted for blackmail, and George H. Cleggett for making false returns.

The doings of the justices are still under consideration. The grand jury returned a batch of indictments charging J. P. Smith, H. R. Reynolds, M. Brady, E. T. Morris, J. C. Macey and George M. Sheldon, members and former members of the city council, with conspiracy to defraud the city. This is the outgrowth of the revelations made some months ago when it was shown that the members of the council were increasing their salaries by means of bogus claims. They were first tried and acquitted on the ground that no such crime was known to the statute. The indictments are brought up under instructions from Judge Bishop.

THE "GRAND OLD MAN."

Celebrating the Eighty-First Birthday of Gladstone.

At Hawarden castle, on December 29, the 81st birthday of Hon. William Ewart Gladstone was celebrated with quiet rejoicing. Telegrams of congratulation from large numbers of persons arrived during the early part of the day from all parts of Great Britain, and there were also received several congratulatory cable messages from the United States. Nearly the whole of Mr. Gladstone's family was present, and the village crowded with visitors. During the course of the day Mr. Gladstone drove in an open carriage to the spot, outside the chief entrance to Hawarden Castle, where a memorial fountain was unveiled. This fountain was erected by the residents of Hawarden, irrespective of politics, in order to commemorate the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.

The fountain is 22 feet high and bears an inscription to the effect that it was erected by the parishioners of Hawarden to commemorate the golden wedding of "William Ewart Gladstone to Catherine Gladstone, on July 25, 1839," as a "slight token of admiration and affection inspired by a residence of fifty years."

At the unveiling of the fountain Mr. Gladstone made a speech, during the course of which he said, that after a residence of fifty years at Hawarden, he was warmly attached to the place, and that he hoped to continue his residence there during the remainder of his life.

The health of Mr. Gladstone is excellent.

SELAH CHAMBERLAIN DEAD.

One of Cleveland's Most Wealthy Citizens Called Away.

Selah Chamberlain, the well known railroad man, died about midnight Saturday, aged 78. Mr. Chamberlain was one of the wealthy and influential men of Cleveland. He had interests in various parts of the country. He organized the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad company and built most of the lines comprising its system. He also built the Lake Champlain railroad, the Cleveland & Pittsburg railroad, and the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling railroad, being president of the last named company at the time of his death. He also built several canals in Ohio, Pennsylvania and Indiana. He was largely interested in the Lake Superior iron mines, was a director in several banks, and had other financial interests. Mr. Chamberlain was the great uncle of Jennie Chamberlain, the famous Cleveland beauty, and having no children of his own, he treated her as much like a daughter as a niece.

Irrigation Company.

The Bear Valley, California, Irrigation company has been incorporated with a capital stock of $4,000,000, $1,000,000 of which is preferred stock and $3,000,000 common stock. This company buys out the Bear Valley reservoir property, also the Alessandro tract of 200,000 acres, which is to be irrigated by the Bear Valley reservoir water. Two million four hundred thousand dollars of common stock of the new company is to be used to buy these properties and the remainder of the stock and the preferred stock will be sold to raise funds to build a new Bear Valley dam at a cost of $750,000, and also to convey water later to two irrigation districts comprising 510,000 acres of fruit lands.

Will be Watched With Interest.

Franklin Landers, of Indianapolis, has commenced suit in the Circuit court of Martinsville, Ind., to set aside a deed of conveyance of a lot in the village of Brooklyn, made in 1870. During that year he platted an addition, and one of the stipulations in every deed of conveyance made by him was that none of the lots should be used for saloon purposes. If they were so used they should revert to him or his heirs in fee simple. In November last a building on one of these lots was leased to be used as a saloon. Mr. Landers now brings suit to enforce the provisions made in his deed to the original purchaser 20 years ago.

The President has vetoed the bill for a public building at Bar Harbor, Me., on the grounds that the public needs did not demand one.

ALASKA'S VALUE.

Citizens of That Territory Willing to Pay More Than It Cost.

Capt. James Carroll, of Sitka, Alaska, is in Washington city. Capt. Carroll was chosen by the territorial convention, held at Juneau in October last, to represent the territory as a delegate in Congress, provided that body should see fit to grant it the right of representation. The captain talked freely with a reporter concerning matters of the territory.

The country, he said, undoubtedly needed a representative in Congress, but if that body denied it to the people there were other things which it should grant as a matter of simple justice to relieve the people of grievances which were fast growing intoleranble. These grievances he detailed at some length. He said all the Congressmen to whom he had talked seemed very favorable to granting the requests in the memorial. He also spoke of a proposition he was willing to make on the part of solid citizens of the territory if Congress did not think Alaska of enough importance to give it a system of jurisprudence and all the facilities and rights it had granted every other outlying settlement of the government. He was empowered to offer the sum of $4,000,000 for the territory and would pay it over in 20 gold pieces on the shortest sort of notice. This was $7,000,000 more than it cost, not to speak of the big yearly profits the government had taken for sealing privileges. The offer, he said, was bona fide, and he was sure if those making the offer had complete ownership, whatever flag was raised, they could secure the people the blessings of a popular government, unhampered by the many defects of the present system, which worked useless hardships and clogged development.

HORRIBLE SELF-TORTURE.

A Young Woman Gives an Example of Christ's Crucifixion.

The village of Wattenheim, in Rhineland, Germany, is undergoing considerable excitement over a peculiar case of religious frenzy that occurred there. Barbara Pfister, an unmarried woman, 23 years of age, horribly mutilated herself and then appeared before a large number of people, who had assembled at her home to participate in a religious ceremony. She presented a frightful appearance, being wounded in several places, from which the blood oozed in a sickening manner. Her hands and feet, and her head, were gashed, presenting a ghastly appearance, and there several wounds in the neighborhood of her heart.

Standing before the terror-stricken assembly she exhibited her bleeding wounds and claimed that they were a wonderful example of the crucifixion of Christ. As soon as the authorities heard of it, the woman was immediately arrested and taken to the jail in order that the district physician might have an opportunity of making an examination of her. The wounds are on the inner and outer sides of her hands, as well as around her wrists, and there are small ones on her feet. There is a square cut on her forehead, and at the back of her head under the hair there are several bleeding eruptions.

The woman, at the time she was arrested, was surrounded by over 100 peasants, who had crowded around her, taking money and food to her. The gendarmes who were sent to take her to jail were obliged to force their way to the bed with drawn swords in order to get through the crowd of admiring and awe-struck spectators.

KILLED BY HER SON.

Brutal Crime of a Man Laboring Under a Religious Frenzy.

Mysteries thicken in Colfax county, New Mexico. Two Mexicans were found dead on December 20 near Van Bremer lakes. Their throats were cut and beside them lay their rifles. They had not been robbed, for money was found in the pockets of each. Then old Julio Martinez was called to his door at night and shot down by parties on the outside. Deputy Sheriff G. W. Cook is under arrest for this killing, and said he had a warrant for Martinez's arrest and shot him while he was resisting the service. Another mystery exists in the disappearance, some weeks ago, of J. P. Jones, a respected old man residing on Vermijo creek, and still another tragedy has occurred in the death of Mrs. Stockbridge, near Raton, who was dead and buried 17 days without intelligence having been communicated to any one.

An examination revealed the fact that she had been beaten and strangled to death by her son John, and in default of $5,000 bail, he has been sent to jail, and at his preliminary hearing he attempted to explain that he had done everything as directed by God; that he had not worked for five years because God had told him to use his efforts in another direction; that he was trying to get the evil spirit out of his mother, and all his chastisements were done for her good.

THE ADELE'S CASE.

Canada Acts, But the United States Says Never a Word.

The Canadian customs department has imposed a fine of $800 on the German sealing schooner Adele, which was seized at Victoria, B. C., last week. The vessel was charged with making a false clearance and failing to report on returning to Victoria.

No action was taken with regard to her cargo of sealskins which she had obtained from the rookery at St. Paul's Island, belonging to the United States. It is said, however, by the best lawyers, that the vessel can be prosecuted for bringing a contraband cargo into Canada. The fine imposed by the department was promptly paid.

Electric Street Car Patents.

It is announced in St. Louis, that the Adams Electric Railway company, of St. Louis, will, within the next two weeks, enter suit against the Thomson-Houston, the Sprague, the Short and other electric railway companies whose systems are now in successful operation, for infringement of patents covering the fundamental principle of propelling cars with electricity as the motive power.

THE LOSS OF THE SHANGHAI.

Two Hundred People Were Drowned by a Vessel Burning.

Further advices from China as to the burning of the steamship Shanghai near Woo Hoo in the province of Ngan-Hoei, about 50 miles from Nanking, show that the disaster was much more serious than at first imagined. The first advices stated that the crew, consisting of about 60 natives together with several European officers, were supposed to have met death either in the flames, or subsequently, by drowning, while attempting to escape from the burning vessel.

It now seems that the number of lives lost will amount to over 200, and that they all lost their lives by drowning. A terrible panic, it appears, occurred among the Chinese passengers a d crew as soon as the alarm of fire was heard, and the panic increased terribly when the flames spread beyond the control of the terror-stricken crew.

The few European officers on board the Shanghai seem to have done their best to maintain some kind of order among the Chinamen, but without result. The large majority of those who lost their lives did so by jumping overboard, in order to escape from the flames; others met their deaths through the swamping of the clumsily lowered and overcrowded boats.

BRAZILIAN IMMIGRATION.

The Government Has Issued an Interesting Decree.

The Warsaw, Russia, *Courier* publishes the text of what purports to be a secret Brazilian decree for the encouragement of immigration. The decree appears to have been issued June 29, 1890, and bears the signatures of President Fonseca and Senhor Gliceria. It contains 49 articles. It promises that immigration agents shall be paid 120 francs for every adult they send to Brazil, and 60 francs for every child landed. An additional premium of 100,000 francs is offered to any company landing 100,000 immigrants in Brazil in one year.

In addition, immigrants are promised substantial advantages, contingent upon their signing, before embarkation, a declaration as to the handcraft they intend to practice. The *Courier* complains that emigrants sailing for Brazil from German ports are never asked to sign any declaration, and says that, therefore, when they reach Brazil they are in the position of outlaws, and, having no rights, are forced to enter into contracts which practically convert them into slaves. The *Courier* denounces this system as a fraud and accuses the Brazilian government of connivance.

TIMOTHY SULLIVAN.

He Has Properly Sized Up the Feeling on This Side of the Water.

Mr. Timothy D. Sullivan, one of the Irish envoys who has returned from the United States, has arrived in Cork and received an address from the McCarthyite committee. In his reply to the address, Mr. Sullivan said that when he left Ireland he had a leader in whose sagacity, good temper, reticence and self-restraint all had confidence. He did not recognize those qualities in Parnell now. All the bright hopes the delegates had when they left for the United States had been changed because one man had gone wrong. A vast majority of intelligent Americans were against Parnell.

Mr. Sullivan urged Irishmen not to look on the question as one of loyalty to a man. Mr. O'Brien had started for France, fondly believing that he could heal the breach and reunite the party. He wished Mr. O'Brien success, but was firmly convinced that the action taken against Parnell was the proper course to be taken in the matter, and he believed that history would commend the Irishmen.

IRISH FUNDS.

The Money Will go to the Benefit of the Evicted Tenants.

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* of December 27 announces that the conference between Messrs. William O'Brien and Timothy Harrington have resulted in an understanding whereby the funds of the National league, now in the hands of that organization are to be devoted to the maintenance of the tenants who were evicted for not paying their rents under the plan of campaign which was inaugurated on the different estates throughout Ireland by the National league. In addition, these funds will be used to assist other sufferers who are depending upon the league for support. All disbursements will be made by Messrs. Kenny and Webb, members of parliament, the joint treasurers of the league. It is suggested by both Messrs. O'Brien and Harrington that funds being sent to the league from America should be sent to Messrs. Kenny and Webb, members of parliament.

HIS SCHEME WILL FAIL.

Gen. Booth Meeting With Opposition from the London Press.

The London *Times* of December 27 publishes a three-column article severely criticising Gen. Booth's scheme of social regeneration as set forth in his book, "In Darkest England, and the Way Out." The writer of the article says: "Gen. Booth cannot think he is to be authorized to collect by force the moral lunatics, irredeemable slaves of vice, crime and drink. He cannot expect us to believe he can compel to work men who admittedly will not work, or that any colony of such men even under the stimulus of the lash, which Gen. Booth is too clever to ask for, could be compelled to be self-supporting. The article accuses Gen. Booth of a childlike ignorance of farming, and of recklessness in entering on a contract for the purchase of land for a farm colony in Essex at £15 per acre. It admits that there is likely to be a certain per centage of successes in connection with the farm and colony schemes, but question whether Gen. Booth is the right man to control the operations.

THE GLASGOW STRIKE.

The Signs Indicate That It Is Nearing a Termination.

There are many signs that the great railroad strike in Glasgow is nearing its end, and that the strikers will, sooner or later, have to submit to the inevitable. Should this be the case, it will not be because the general public was not in sympathy with the strikers.

Passenger and freight traffic on the main lines is slowly but surely improving and the North British railroad company reopened its local lines on Dec. 29. In fact, it may be said that the railroad business is resuming its usual course, though the attitude of the strikers and railroad officials towards each other seems to be unchanged.

Spain For Protection.

The minister of finance has issued a decree declaring that Spain must follow the protection movement of America and Europe, repeal portions of the existing tariffs, and largely increase the duties on horses, mules, cattle, preserved and salted meats, flour, rice and cereals from January 1 next.

It Pleased the Pope.

It is announced on good authority that the victory of Sir John Pope Hennessy over Mr. Scully, at the election in North Kilkenny, was undoubtedly welcomed at the vatican. It is also understood that the pope approves of the attitude assumed by the Irish bishops and priests.

Arrested Santa Claus.

William Strong, aged 22, was arrested on Christmas eve at Pittsburg, on the charge of robbing his former employes, Scheutte & Co., of $1,000. When arrested, Young Strong was a leading character in a Santa Claus entertainment at the Bingham and 13th street M. E. church on the South Side. A sensational scene followed, as Mr. Strong was very prominent in church work.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
ACT LIKE MAGIC
ON A WEAK STOMACH.
25 Cents a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

NOT ILLEGAL.

The Railroad Presidents' Agreement Analogous to the Land Trust.

One of Vanderbilt's brokers said at New York on Dec. 27: "I've been talking with one of the Vanderbilt presidents about the idea that the railroads, by entering the new agreement of railroad presidents, lose their power to regulate their business, and therefore enter a sort of trust which has been declared illegal. He said he could not tell whether this point was good or not. He thought, however, it had received some attention. From another authority I learn that this point has been fully considered and is met this way: The advisory board is created to carry out what has already been determined by the individual companies to the agreement. Furthermore, the advisory board does not order something done, but simply suggests, and then awaits the order. An analogous case is furnished by the Lead trust.

VOSE & SONS PIANOS
ESTABLISHED IN 1851.
GOOD SOLD AND JUST.
They combine ELEGANCE, DURABILITY, and MODERATE PRICES. Among the many other IMPROVEMENTS which they contain, are the PATENT REPEATING ACTION, producing a touch as delicate as that of a Concert Grand Piano; the CAPO D'ASTRO BAR, which sustains that beautiful singing quality of tone, so wanting in most Upright Pianos; the MOUSE PROOF PEDAL, which is an absolute protection against mice getting into piano and making havoc with the felts. Sold on the most accommodating terms. Delivered in your house FREE OF EXPENSE and satisfaction guaranteed. Old instruments taken in exchange. Catalogues and full information mailed free.
VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

KNIGHTS OF RECIPROCITY.

The Grand Lodge Has Been Organized in Garden City.

The grand lodge of the Knights of Reciprocity was organized at Garden City, Kas., on December 24. The founder of the order is Hon. Jesse Taylor, of that city, who is its chief officer. The officers of the Kansas grand lodge are Hon. D. M. Frost, of Garden City, grand judge; B. F. Stocks, of Garden City, grand clerk; F. J. Norton, of Newton, grand marshal; R. G. Bailey, Great Bend, grand treasurer; Adolph Glack, Dodge City, and John C. Fry, Larned, grand bailiffs.

Congressman S. R. Peters is the representative of Kansas to the supreme lodge.

The objects of the order are to secure an intelligent ballot fairly counted and to foster reciprocity not only between American nations but between individuals as the consumer and producer, the agriculturalist and currier and between employers and the employed. The new order is spreading rapidly. Numerous applications for charter to organize lodges are coming in every day.

A CONSUMPTION CURE.

Dr. Henry, of Indianapolis, Has Made a Discovery.

Dr. O. A. F. Henry, a reputable physician of Wingate, Ind., has invented a simple method of curing consumption which has produced the results claimed in a series of six experiments. The preparation used is any of the modern antiseptic, disinfectant, or germicide agents except toxic substances or noxious gases.

An alcoholic lamp is placed in a block of wood, and surrounding this lamp is a galvanized iron cylinder covered with asbestos so as to retain heat. Inside the cylinder and immediately above the flame is a can from which two rubber tubes lead. Within this can the preparation chosen is placed, and, with the tubes inserted in his nostrils, the patient inhales the fumes.

By this method it is claimed that the lungs of a pulmonary consumptive may be disinfected, cicatrized and rendered completely aseptic. As this is simply a method of application it need not be said that it is equally effective in any germ disease for which a germicide has been discovered. It simply arrests disease but does not restore tissue already destroyed.

TOOK AWAY HIS FARM.

**A Pension Granted Where It Was Not De